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FAITH LIKE A GRAIN OF MUSTARD-SEED.

AMIDST the free and conflicting speculations of the hour, it is not uncommon to find men whose minds are filled with perplexity and doubt. So many apparently established theories have been questioned or set aside, so many things once held sacred have been assailed, that they feel as if the solid ground were shaken beneath their feet. Even if they have no positive scepticism, everything appears like confusion, instead of order. In their bewilderment, a secret misgiving chills their assent to the plainest truths. Sometimes, perhaps, they are left in a deeper darkness still, and thick clouds seem to veil all the sky, hiding sun, moon, and stars, every heavenly light, from view. The inquiries are often made, in all the varying tones of bewildered thought, or of actual doubt,—What doctrines can be accepted in unquestioning faith? What is to be believed? Where are the settled religious truths which are like the fixed laws of Nature? Where is the polar star by which the soul can safely guide its course over this ocean of mystery towards the eternal shore!

There are two methods of meeting such a mental condition. One is, to attempt to convince the mind by logical and careful arguments. The other is, to make a direct appeal to

the moral nature. One marshals the external evidences in order, to show why man should accept the truths which claim sovereignty over his whole being. The other attempts to reveal their foundation within the soul itself, and thus aims directly to unseal the springs of spiritual life. The first process is not to be undervalued; but the last, whenever it can be successful, is the most effective and complete. Does the question come from bewildered or sceptical minds, "What are we to believe amidst this confusion of theological speculation?" We might answer, Affirm anything, however simple, which seems to you to be true. Begin with the most elementary convictions of the moral nature; those convictions which must remain until reason itself shall be dethroned. Even there may be discovered a foundation sufficiently deep and broad to sustain a structure of faith which may reach to the very heavens. Jesus told his disciples that, if they had faith like a grain of mustard-seed, they could cast the mountains into the sea. As a single spark of electricity sends its fire throughout the frame, as a little column of water may be made by science to balance the greatest weight, so one grain of true and living faith may *electrify* the spiritual nature, and overbalance the whole world in its power upon the soul.

This general position finds confirmation, in the first place, in the method of Jesus himself in his teaching. There is an entire absence of all systematic statements, in the ordinary sense of those words, in his instructions. Great principles are presented miscellaneously in his conversations. His instructions are as varied as the character of the men to whom he spoke. Whenever the questions of those who sought his guidance seemed to involve the inquiry, What shall we believe? instead of answering by a comprehensive statement of faith, he enforced some great moral duty which was clear as the day, or awakened some profound moral conviction which instantly flashed like the lightning through the listener's soul. Was not this the secret reason,—that it

was his first aim to awaken some positive spiritual conviction? The indispensable necessity was to establish some firm foundation for faith; and therefore he touched any chord which, by his divine insight into character, he perceived to be ready to respond to his words. If the conscience and the heart could be awakened to a true moral sensibility, — no matter by what special appeal, — if the mind could be thoroughly aroused to spiritual inquiries, — no matter by what particular truth the result might be accomplished, — the redeeming influence would go on until every element of character should feel its power. One grain of positive faith might shoot up into a tree which would cover the whole being with its protecting and refreshing shade.

If a man ask, therefore, "What shall I believe?" we may answer, first, by the question, Do you believe anything? Begin with what you do accept. Cultivate that germ of positive faith. As there can scarcely be a moral nature which is too depraved to retain some element of generous and noble feeling, some relic of moral beauty, in the ruin of its fall, so there can scarcely be a mind which is too bewildered or too sceptical to possess some element of positive faith. It is wonderful to see how all spiritual truths are indissolubly linked together. If the mind begins with one, it can only logically end with all. It was claimed for the system of faith which once controlled the mind of New England, and which still holds so wide a sway, that, if one of its fundamental doctrines should be admitted, all the rest must follow by an irresistible demonstration. That claim is certainly true in the circle of strictly spiritual, religious truths. Any fundamental moral principle may be selected as an illustration. Every man believes in a principle of justice, certainly, if he continues to be a man. His conception of its requirements may be miserably imperfect and low, but the fundamental idea still remains. Any conviction of gross injustice, unappeased or unalleviated, will burn like a smouldering and sometimes raging flame. Take that grand

and ineradicable idea, not to cramp it, not to ask what it does not require, in that spirit of negation in respect to great moral principles which characterizes many who are shocked at other men's questionings of speculative opinions; but to give it a full development in lowly, positive faith. First, let all outward deeds be tried by that glorious law. Make them absolutely just in every dealing; too just, when men buy, to depreciate another's claims; too just, when they sell, either to seek or to connive at any undue advantage. And when action can meet the keen eye of justice unabashed, let speech be purified by its strict discriminations. Let neither man nor woman be injured or depreciated any more by a reproachful, or even an ill-considered word. Let the eternal clamor or the insidious whispers of slanderous tongues be hushed. And when speech is just to the ear of man or God, make the unuttered judgments of the heart, the most secret and inward feelings towards every other living soul, also just, as they lie open to the All-seeing Eye. Is it not said, "With what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged"? And the principle transcends even this vast sweep of application. It extends into domains of action which we generally designate by other names. What is all untruth, either in action or in speech, from the first shade of insincerity down to the blackness of open falsehood, but a violation of justice also? What is all truth in deed or word, but one manifestation of an omnipresent justice? The almost boundless domain of charity may be regarded as a province of the same vast empire. The law to "do unto others as we would that they should do to us," is equally an expression of justice and of love. It is the dictate of simple justice when it looks at another's claims as well as our own. There justice and love meet, and embrace each other. Justice is sometimes pictured as an inexorable and almost inhuman quality. The man whose gripping hand grasps every particle of its legal dues from burdened poverty, or whose stern spirit demands an "eye for an eye," will speak of justice. Such applications of the

word are false. They slander one of the fundamental laws of the moral universe. Justice is not an iron hardness, which sternly crushes the gentler sympathies, and which might be an element in the character of a fiend rather than an attribute of God. It is unjust, as well as unmerciful, to deny any valid claim to sympathy. Precisely in accordance with man's appreciation of that claim, will the dread decisions of the tribunal of Infinite Justice finally be made. It is justice, looking from the position of suffering men, which sends abroad every angel of mercy on its errands of love. We cannot separate the two principles without impairing, if not destroying, both. We cannot truly begin with one without comprehending the other. What an unmeasured and immeasurable realm one great thought opens to the view ! It was once the remark of a child, "that the law 'to do unto another as we would that he should do to us,' comprises every duty to God as well as to man." For it demands that we should yield every service to him which we might deem it right to require if we were seated on the eternal throne. It was an inspired thought to show how all great spiritual truths are linked together. The second grand commandment is like the first, and the first is like the second ; for each really demands and comprehends the other. Does any man ask, What must I believe ? Does he believe in Justice ? Let him explore the realm of thought which it opens ; extending into the most secret places of the heart, and reaching to the skies. We sometimes hear the expression, "The circle of spiritual truths." They are indeed bound together in a glorious circle. When we touch it at any point, we are led around its entire circumference. When we begin with one deep spiritual conviction, it is like beginning at the fountain-head of a stream which rolls on through unknown and yet unimagined regions, and pours at last into the boundless sea. One grain of living faith will produce infinitely precious fruits of glory and of heaven.

The same truth might be illustrated by other principles.

It is surely illustrated by the idea of love which is the "fulfilling of the law." It may be verified in religious doctrines in the stricter sense of that word. Amidst so many negations, does any man ask, "What shall I believe?" Notwithstanding doubts respecting other truths, he seldom fails to admit the idea of God. It may be a sadly poor conception in comparison with man's highest thought. Even that is but the faintest ray of that perfect light. Still, let man cling to that one bright point of faith, not to limit its application, but to unfold it, and grasp what it involves. When we study it in order to learn what it comprehends, we find at last, that, as there can be no point of space which is unvisited by the Divine presence, so there is no truth which this grand idea does not embrace. A distinguished English preacher once attempted to show that one attribute of God involved every other which is demanded to make up the perfect majesty of the Divine nature. The moral demonstration may be complete. Let man begin with his poor conception, and steadfastly gaze upon that excellent glory. Let him unfold that one all-commanding idea, and every thought which has cheered the heart of saints, or which shines upon the page of truth, would naturally follow in logical order. All thoughts of human duty are equally involved of course. When we simply admit the idea of God, the highest obedience and reverence are enjoined by an inevitable inference. Indeed, a man might as well hope to measure the ocean by his hands, as to exhaust the truths which will then gleam in radiant succession upon his mind. In all his doubts, he still believes in God. In what grander or more vital truth can he believe? It is as a golden and indissoluble chain to bind the soul to the heavens. The greatest triumph of the highest angel is, with his spiritual conceptions, to believe in God. Positively to believe in him, to commune with that thought until its glory overshadows us, is at once the eternal rest, and the inexhaustible inspiration of the soul. There are moments in the course of every deep experience, in which

that simple faith is felt to be infinitely more than if the soul could say, "All the glory of the earth and all the splendors of the sky are mine." Here, too, is the inspiration to moral heroism. The soul of the Puritan was made invincible by his faith in God. This faith has been as a coat of mail to the martyr in his hour of sacrifice; and when the flames kindled upon his flesh, it banished every fear from his heart. It has touched the failing sight, and, as the world receded and disappeared, opened heaven to the soul, and to the eye. It stayed the heart of Christ in his hour of agony, and called forth that triumphant cry of adoring trust,—“Thy will be done.” When man develops that single grain of faith in God, it will give him a power to cast the mountain load of doubt into the sea. As the power of God moved over the world at first to create order and beauty everywhere, so this living idea of him will move over the soul, to fill the moral universe with the tokens of his presence.

Perhaps, if a man should descend into a more unsettled condition of thought, into a gloomier realm of positive scepticism than has thus far been described, we might find even there a grain of positive faith, which could be nurtured into a tree of life. If a bewildered soul should say, “Amidst such conflicting theories of the Divine nature, I do not feel that I really believe in God,” it might be answered, “You still believe in the idea of truth, of justice, and of love. Develop these.” Far more may be said. We not merely believe, but we know, that conscience exists within us. A solemn accuser, an undying judge, lives in every human breast. What does that fact imply, when we study it with philosophic thought? The idea of accountability is inseparably connected with the existence and the action of the conscience. Accountability to what? To nothing? Or to some unseen, yet sovereign and celestial power? When the conscience awakens from its frequent sleep, and arraigns the spirit's life, or when, in fearful peril, man instinctively cries out for help and pardon, to what does he cry? To an imper-

sonal abstraction?—an abstraction that has created the mother's heart to hear every wail of her child, but has left the cry of the anguished soul to echo on, unheeded and unheard, through the emptiness of space? Or does he cry to a prayer-hearing and a Father-God? The simple existence of conscience, and its natural action, involve the idea of a supreme, though unseen Judge, as surely as the existence of organs for the reception of food, and the sense of hunger, imply that Providence will open its hands to supply the wants of every living thing. If we start from that low point of faith, no man can properly venture to deny that this voice of conscience is not the present voice of the invisible God, speaking now in whispers when we pause to listen, but by and by to be heard in tones of infinite and awful majesty. When we begin with the lowest point of faith, the least of all seeds, we may still gather a glorious harvest of truth and light.

The great difficulty often is, that men fail to develop the moral convictions which already exist in the soul in positive faith. When men begin to apply the principles of science to their labors, new processes of work, improved inventions to shape the smallest thing, or to bridge the seas, will appear with bewildering rapidity. When they begin to unfold one great truth in its applications to society, projects of reform as numerous and as vast as this world's iniquities will be suggested in glorious succession. It is not strange that many are confused amidst these clashing religious theories. But one remedy is plain. Some one grain of truth, at least, will remain, which may be cherished. Perhaps that will finally remove the mountains. Does it seem as a night of bewildered thought, or of almost rayless scepticism? Some one conviction, some one star, still remains. Let the eye be fixed upon that to receive all its light. Let these elementary convictions be developed until the soul realizes the truths which they involve. That single unextinguished light, that one remaining star, may be the star to lead to the Redeemer.

For what is Christianity except the revelation of those truths which precisely meet the spiritual needs of man? And when those needs are really learned by attempting to fathom any grand spiritual principle in its full application to himself, he will accept those truths themselves, the living bread of the soul, as readily as he accepts the food to sustain his frame. If man begins anywhere in earnest search, the wide realm of truth may gradually open its gates of glory.

It is not strange that such value is attributed to this principle of faith. When we see a great cause really in action, we almost feel as if its inevitable results were already gained. The victory is won when the invincible power comes upon the field. It has been sometimes deemed mystical to say, that "Faith is imputed to man for righteousness." The expression involves no mysticism. Were we perfectly sure that a formerly sinning man would never falter in his resolution, should we not instantly receive him again into unquestioning favor? Should we not then welcome back all the prodigals in the fulness of love? And thus, in the possession of a living faith, man is received by the infinite mercy as if he had already attained the higher knowledge of truth, and the triumphs of an established holiness. Time is needful to work out that perfect victory, but the victory shall surely come. The single grain of positive faith may cast both the mountains of doubt and of iniquity into the sea.

G. W. B.

GIVE not only unto seven, but also unto eight; that is, unto more than many. Though to give unto every one that asketh may seem severe advice, yet give thou also before asking; that is, where want is silently clamorous, and men's necessities, not their tongues, do loudly call for thy mercies.

THE HOFRATH OF GRAEFRATH.

Books of travel in my youth began on this wise. First, solemn reflections on leaving the traveller's native land, and particulars of the exact method of departure, which altogether occupy a page or two. Next, sea-sickness is described more or less in detail, according to the good taste of the writer; then fellow-passengers are commented upon. Anon, "half-way-over" is reached; reflections thereupon. Now we approach land, and "hapless Erin and her woes," or "England, our noble mother-country," according to the proclivities of the writer, provoke pages of reflections. All this answers two good ends; the size of the book is greatly augmented thereby, and after the dreariness of the sea-chapter the reader finds any incident highly entertaining. But as I am not writing a book, I shall not tread in the footsteps of my predecessors, but begin at once with —

One evening early in December, 1860, we entered the hotel of the "Prinz von Preusse," at Dusseldorf, and ordered supper. "We" consisted of mother, sister, a friend, whom I shall designate, after the German fashion, Freundinn, and myself; four "unprotected females" who had it in their minds to winter in Germany. The next day we sallied forth to view the town. There are some fine modern paintings there, as everybody knows, and large public gardens, which must be beautiful in summer. Moreover, there are immense barracks, and fronting them a large parade-ground, where raw recruits are being drilled in all manner of preposterous gymnastic exercises the livelong day. In front of the "Prinz von Preusse" paraded a sentinel with a brass pot upon his head; whether there is a sacredness in the very name of royalty which requires a guard, or that there is such a superabundance of soldiers in the place that they are fain to devise all manner of useless occupations for them, I know not. In the afternoon we left Dusseldorf and travelled eastward on the railway to a station

named Vohwinkel. Here we alighted and groped our way, in rain and darkness, to a waiting-room, the fate of our baggage being unknown. Here we sat down and asked each other what was to be done next. I announced myself as trusting in Mr. Micawber's dictum, "something will turn up;" and, sure enough, soon a young gentleman of very pleasing address entered the room and mother immediately accosted him in English. He did not understand a word. I stammered out, as best I could, in poor German, that we were bound for Graefrath, and knew not how to get there. He immediately took the fate of the four "unprotected" into his kindly hands, spoke French to my great relief, and escorted me through the rain to an office to buy tickets in the *Poste Wagen*. Here the official refused French gold; I remonstrated that I had no other money; he only closed the window, and regarded me serenely through the glass. Another walk through the rain to a restaurant, where my gold was changed into Prussian thalers, and then the tickets were bought and the baggage brought up, and a ticket bought for it also, all of which was done with true German deliberation. We waited now a weary while till other trains came in, and the little room was crowded. Our kind German now reappeared, and whispered, "You must secure your places in the *Poste*, I fear there are more passengers than can be accommodated." I gave the alarm privately, we quickly collected our various shawls, hand-bags, &c., and under his guidance ensconced ourselves in the big, lumbering, omnibus-like affair which was to take us to our destination. Our friend bade us good-night, but soon came running back to tell me what the driver would say, and how I must reply.

Now this is a fair sample of what a traveller may expect in Germany. Without being so vivaciously polite as the French, the people are thoroughly friendly and obliging. They seem always ready to do a kindness to a stranger, and that in a simple, hearty way that is exceedingly agreeable. At last our *Poste* was filled to its utmost capacity, and the

horses set off at a snail's pace. After a while we judged from the slightly accelerated speed that we were descending a hill. The Wagen stopped; we alighted and entered a stone-paved hall, where there was a bar, which our driver patronized; our luggage was deposited there also, and we were in Graefrath. No one took the slightest notice of us; they seemed to regard it as the most natural thing in the world that four ladies and three trunks should land there at eight o'clock at night. However, at last a servant was found to conduct us to our hotel, and we soon established ourselves comfortably at the "Court of Holland."

If any one has followed my narrative thus far, I am sure he is ready to ask, "And what in the world brought you to Graefrath?" The answer to the question must begin some forty odd years ago. For then a regiment of soldiers were quartered at Graefrath, and with them a surgeon, who was known in all the country around as "the clever young doctor." He was a native of Wesel on the Rhine, and from boyhood had shown the most ardent desire to study anatomy. Especially he delighted in dissecting all the eyes of animals he could procure, and while yet young had acquired a remarkable knowledge of the structure of that organ. While a medical student at Dusseldorf, he was compelled by Napoleon's conscription to enter the army; was subsequently a surgeon in the Prussian service, and so came to Graefrath. As there was no physician in the place, he entered into practice there, and soon became noted for his kindness to the poor, and his especial skill in curing diseases of the eye. A disease having broken out extensively among the Prussian troops, similar to the Egyptian ophthalmia, Dr. De Leuw published, in 1823, a treatise upon the subject, which attracted general attention. The king of Prussia conferred upon him the title of Hofrath, i. e. Court Councillor, by which he was ever afterwards known. His fame now increased every year. Numbers came from foreign lands to consult him, and carried back to their homes reports of his

marvellous skill as a surgeon, his patience and faithfulness as a physician, his nobleness and kindness as a man. He was repeatedly urged to make some larger city his home, but preferred the quiet of Graefrath to the glitter of court favor. But though he would not seek wealth and fame, they sought him out in his retirement. The report of his wonderful cures, which sometimes seemed like giving sight to the blind, spread throughout Europe. The king of Hanover made him an "Ober Medicinal Rath," which is the highest title conferred upon a physician. Other European courts sent him various orders of knighthood. The wealthy and the titled from every country were glad to be admitted to his humble consulting-room, which he never left except to attend the king of Hanover. Often three hundred were in the village at one time. Although the Hofrath always gave his services to the poor, and his fees in all cases were exceedingly moderate, he could not fail to become wealthy. He bought real estate, and, after the professional toils of the day were over, refreshed himself with simple country pleasures, planting trees with his own hands, and superintending his large farms. His fame reached even across the Atlantic, and many Americans had come to be benefited by him.

Now, my mother had been suffering for several years from a nervous affection of the eyes, and had consulted many oculists in America without receiving much benefit. And as a sea-voyage was recommended, and we had heard much of this great oculist in Prussia, we resolved to seek the aid of his skill. And so we came to Graefrath. The next morning we looked out to see what manner of place it might be, and beheld a confused assemblage of houses, quaint in form and color, crowded up together in a little hollow, with about as much regularity as Georgia militia on training-day. We were on a hill on the edge of the village. Perched on another was a big church, of no particular order of architecture; the clumsy steeple of another rose from the centre of the village. Of course we soon set out to visit the Hof-

rath; being directed to go straight down through the village. If you will take a boxfull of children's toy-houses, and tumble them down on the floor, and then attempt to go "straight" through them, you will see what task was assigned us. We wound in and out among the queer houses, selecting the widest path, and at last emerged into an open space, with a fountain of running water in the centre, and a group of women there engaged in doing their private washing. Keeping straight on, by turning two or three corners, we reached the house of the Hofrath, at the very extremity of the village. We found the waiting-room filled with peasants, for this was one of the three days in the week he devoted to the poor. We had not been long seated, when a queer, jolly-looking, one-eyed man came up to us, whom we recognized at once as Schneider, the Hofrath's man Friday. Twenty years ago, he came, almost blind, to Graefrath. The Hofrath saved one eye, and took him into his service. Schneider, however, is far from being his servant in the English sense of the term; the New England word "help" gives a juster idea of the relationship. Schneider sits at his ease in his master's presence, plays with the dogs or parrots in the room, speaks to him familiarly, and sometimes contradicts him roundly. Indeed, I think the lower classes here are much like Yankees in their independent bearing and good-natured familiarity. That very morning I tried to talk a little with a peasant who had brought his daughter to the Hofrath. In a few moments he said, "How old are you?" I stared at him, thinking my ears must have deceived me. He repeated the question, adding, "I am forty, and my daughter is twenty." I gave the desired information, and he seemed to feel that all proper forms of civility had now been complied with, and we had a pleasant chat. Herr Schneider took our card to the Hofrath, and we waited in great anxiety, feeling that the Hofrath's skill was almost our last hope. At last, Schneider told us to wait no longer, but return the next day. At the *table d'hôte* we met some ladies,

who told us that the Hofrath very rarely saw patients the first day they apply. This seems somewhat arbitrary, but is founded on a knowledge of human nature. Patients are often at first nervous, agitated, excited, and quite unfit to give a rational account of themselves. After waiting some hours, conversing with other patients, hearing of the mildness of the Hofrath's remedies, of his wonderful cures, &c., their minds are calmed.

We heard much that day of the Hofrath's skill, of his kindness of heart, and especially of his humility and holy reliance on God's blessing. We learned more of his personal history too; how that his life, peaceful and happy as it seemed, had not been without its bitter trials. A fair young daughter had grown up by his side, his constant companion and darling, intelligent beyond her years, and loving him with an affection passing the ordinary love of woman. She was taken from him in the sweet dawn of womanhood. Of his four sons, only one chose his father's profession, and he seemed to inherit much of his genius. After a careful medical education abroad, he returned to practise as his father's assistant, and bade fair to shed fresh lustre on the name of De Leuw. But a few years since he too was taken away; and the old man was left alone. We heard too how the Hofrath was beloved by the people, how his birthday, August 1, was the great fête-day of the village, when the streets were decorated with garlands and flags, and the maidens of the vicinity waited on him, and sang a poem in his honor. His sixtieth birthday was the last in which he took any public part in the festival. Since then he has generally left the village to spend the day in quiet. We were told that his eyesight was still as keen as in youth, his hand as skilful. So the next day we waited upon him with increased confidence and esteem.

We found a higher class of patients in waiting, and made some pleasant acquaintances. We were much amused at Schneider's manners. He called the patients one by one

without any regularity ; so, when the door opened, every one looked up eagerly. He would single out the lucky one, shout, " You ! " and usher him into the consulting-room, in an irresistibly grotesque manner. Grumblers were answered with, " Ich verstehe nicht." The fact is, he understands just as much or as little English as suits him. And now we were ushered into the Hofrath's presence, and beheld a noble-looking old man, his lofty forehead crowned by silver curls, his eye wonderfully keen, yet the expression of his countenance gentle and winning. He received us with grave courtesy, and entered into a careful and thorough examination of mother's eyes and general state of health, often pausing and saying a few words to his assistant. In our first interview I saw nothing but the Hofrath. Afterwards I saw that his room was large and pleasant, carpetless, and plainly furnished. Engravings on the walls, two little dogs by the stove, parrots in cages, and finches who sometimes discoursed most melodious music. Here the good man passed the greater part of every day, using his best skill to alleviate suffering in all who came to him, rich and poor alike. Indeed, in regard to the latter, often supplying them with remedies and supporting them in the village. We knew him only a short time, yet learned to regard him with sincere affection. Alas ! in a few weeks we mourned over his grave, for he was suddenly taken from the world in which he had been so useful. He had seemed in delicate health for some time ; no one knew to what extent his strength was undermined by an insidious disease. One Friday, he saw patients as usual, although some remarked that he appeared languid. That afternoon he laid himself on the bed from which he never rose again. The next day, it was touching to see the poor weeping around his door, when told of his dangerous illness. There were a few days of sad anxiety, and then the mournful news, " The Hofrath is dead,"—just a week from the day he had received patients. All his life he had been an early riser, and accustomed to spend the first hours of the

day in religious reading and meditation. With characteristic humility, he bade his sons bury him in the early morning, and as quietly as possible. However, a large crowd followed his honored remains to the grave. According to the custom of the country, Schneider carried before the coffin a black velvet cushion, on which were arranged his master's orders of knighthood, nine in number. But the tears which bedewed many a manly cheek, were a far higher tribute to his worth. So this good old man went to his rest, in his sixty-eighth year; having spent most of this long life in the service of his fellow-creatures.

[From the German of Benjamin Schmolke.]

"HOLD ON! HOLD IN! HOLD OUT!"

BY REV. C. T. BROOKS.

Hold *on*, my heart, in thy believing!
The steadfast only wins the crown.
He who, when stormy waves are heaving,
Parts with his anchor, shall go down;
But he who Jesus holds through all
Shall stand, though earth and heaven should fall.

Hold *in* thy murmurs, Heaven arraigning!
The patient sees God's loving face;
Who bear their burdens uncomplaining,
'T is they that win the Father's grace;
He wounds himself who braves the rod,
And sets himself to fight with God.

Hold *out*! There comes an end to sorrow:
Hope, from the dust, shall conquering rise;
The storm foretells a sunnier morrow;
The cross points on to Paradise.
The Father reigneth; cease all doubt;
Hold on, my heart, hold in, hold out!

HEBRON.

THE mention of Hebron, in our last article, the place where David established himself during the years that he was king of Judah, suggests an inquiry into the facts of its history.

It was the earliest seat of civilized life in all Palestine, and long continued the abode of men prominent in the early history of the country. It was probably founded by Arva, the king of the giants, as its earliest name, Kirjeth Arva, signifies Arva's city, and is known to be a place of very remote antiquity. Lying in the valley of Mamre, 2,800 feet above the sea, surrounded by orchards and vineyards, with numberless wells, and groves of the terebinth and oak, the place had peculiar charms for tribes wont to wander wherever water and fodder were to be found. The mountains rising about and casting their shadows down upon it, give it an air of quiet repose, grateful to the traveller now, and in those old days offered refreshment and rest to families who must many times have been well weary of wandering, while the defiles among its mountains, the secret ways and caves along their sides, made it desirable as a stronghold, — safe as a retreat, and difficult of access to a foe.

After the separation of Lot and Abraham, which the quarrels of their husbandmen had rendered necessary, we find that Abraham came and dwelt at Hebron, and erected an altar there to the Lord, — thus taking possession of it in the name and consecrating it to the service of Him whom he now first began to know. Here his home continued to be, and here news was brought him of Lot's captivity, and hither again he returned after his rescue; here, under the oak-tree, he entertained the angels of God; and here, after some years of wandering, he returned again, a man tried and approved of God, with Sarah, and Isaac, his son.

All this time Abraham, though a man of wealth and high

in repute with his neighbors, the Hittites, the owners of the soil, does not seem to have become legally possessed of any part of the land. Nor was it necessary, since there was room and to spare, and vast fields in common where any might pasture and plant. But an occasion arises which makes him desire to have some place specially, sacredly his own. Sarah, so many years his wife and companion, the sharer of his adversities and successes, dies. It has long been a custom among the Bedouin tribes not to bury their dead where they die, but to have a burial-place to which they bring all their dead. Abraham now felt the want of a suitable burial-ground, to which should be brought the bodies of such of his family as should die within the limits of Canaan. Drawn together by the knowledge of his misfortune, the sons of Heth join in those noisy demonstrations of grief,—public demonstrations not at all consonant with our notions,—then and still customary, essential with the tribes of the East, without which the dead could not be justly honored. Abraham, as a man of substance and character,—a man superior to those dwelling about him, a prince even among strangers,—held a high place in their confidence, and so probably they had gathered in numbers to express their sorrow and sympathy. Then Abraham lifted himself up from his dead, standing before them in the attitude of respect etiquette still demands, and with touching, plaintive language enlists their attention: “I am a stranger, and a sojourner with you; give me a possession of a burying-place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight. And the children of Heth answered Abraham, and said, Hear us, my lord: thou art a mighty prince among us; in the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead; none of us shall withhold from thee his sepulchre, but that thou mayest bury thy dead.” Again the venerable patriarch stands and bows to them. That was not a thing to be thought of. He could not accept a gift. It was contrary to custom, and should he accept it, he would be expected to make some magnificent return. His whole

proceeding in this case is exactly what is necessary at the present day. He had set his eye on the cave of Machpelah. He knew the owner, and the owner was then with him. But instead of proposing the bargain immediately to him, he turns to the company and begs them to intercede with the owner for him, saying: "If it be in your mind that I should bury my dead out of my sight, hear me, and entreat for me to Ephron, the son of Zohar, that he may give me the cave of Machpelah, which he hath, which is in the end of his field; for as much money as it is worth he shall give it me, for a possession of a burying-place among you." Then Ephron, with great apparent friendliness and liberality answers, "Nay, my lord, hear me; the field *give* I thee, and the cave that is therein I *give* it thee; in the presence of the sons of my people *give* I it thee; bury thy dead." Now, to one ignorant of the customs of the people it seems strange and unreasonable that Abraham should reply to this in cold and stately courtesy, "But if thou wilt give it, I pray thee hear me. I will give thee money for thy field: take it of me, and I will bury my dead there." Apparently yielding to Abraham's importunacy, Ephron now names four hundred shekels of silver as its price,—probably an enormously extortionate price,—adding, "What is that 'twixt me and thee? bury therefore thy dead." But Abraham knew very well that it would prove something between them; and being in no humor for bargaining, he closed at once with the proposal, weighing out the four hundred pieces in the presence of the sons of Heth. They were the witnesses, and the thing was made sure. And the record goes on to say, that "the field of Ephron which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field, and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham for a possession, in the presence of the children of Heth, before all that went in at the gate of his city;"—all this particularity of enumeration being necessary to secure to him his possession. Just

such specifications are found in modern deeds. If you are to buy a lot, the contract must mention all the fountains, wells, trees, &c. within it; not merely the house, but every room, closet, stable, hencoop; and all this must be in the audience of the people at the gate;—and then no parchment or recorded deed can be more secure. So was acquired the first possession of the Hebrew race in Canaan, and that possession a sepulchre; so was arranged the first bargain of which we have record in Scripture, the different steps of which are exactly those necessary at this day in Hebron.

Having purchased his cave, Abraham laid away the body of his wife, and in due time was himself gathered there. And there Isaac, who had remained at Hebron, was buried, and thither came up the long procession from Egypt, bearing the bones of Jacob, the last of the patriarchs. There is something very touching in the charge which the old man, dying there in Egypt, gave to his sons as they stood about his bed. It seems like the homesick yearning for the place of his boyhood, where he and Esau had played before ill grew between them,—where Rebecca, his mother, had loved him, and his peace-loving old father had blessed him. “I am to be gathered unto my people; bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite, in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre, in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field of Ephron the Hittite for a possession of a burying-place. There they buried Abraham, and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebecca his wife; and there I buried Leah.”

With filial solicitude, and much mourning, the bones of his father were laid as he had desired, and Joseph returned to his honors and duties and emoluments under Pharaoh, and in due time himself passed away. Then, under a king who knew not Joseph, began those bitter persecutions which ended in the departure from Egypt and the wanderings in the desert for forty years of the children of Israel. Just as those forty years are closing, and that weary host stand on

the borders of the promised land, Moses selects a leading man of each tribe, and bids them go into the land before them, and "see what it is, and the people that dwelleth therein, whether they be strong or weak, many or few, and what the land is that they dwell in, whether it be good or bad, and what cities they be that they dwell in, whether in tents or in strongholds, and bring of the fruit of the land." For forty days these searched the land throughout, and returned, bringing as trophy a bunch of grapes so large that two men must carry it. But the fertility of the land and the wonderful trophy of it they had with them produced no effect. They had seen that which made the fertility and beauty of the country as naught. As they journeyed among the mountains they had come upon a city intrenched, in which was Anak, the king, and his three sons. This city was Hebron, and the king and his sons were giants, such as the Book tells us there were in those days. Affrighted they entered the camp, pouring their fears into the greedy ears of the people clustered to hear of the land toward which they had so long journeyed. Their words are piteous, craven words,—not words worthy the men whom Moses had sent on their embassy with the command, "Be ye of good courage." "We be," they say, "not able to go up against the people; for they are stronger than we. The land through which we have gone to search it, is a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof, and all the people we saw in it were of great stature. And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." At once that wild rabble caught the contagion of their fear, and murmured and rebelled. Cowards they had been all the way, as a people so long held in bondage must be. No slight task for Moses to lead such a rabble: and now, when so much is surmounted, and the end so near, piteously they cry, "Would God that we had died in the land of Egypt; would God we had died in the wilderness,"—and they propose to choose them a captain who shall lead

them back. Moses and Aaron seem to have been for the moment, without resource, powerless before them, while Joshua son of Nun, and Caleb son of Jephunneh,—men of lion hearts,—who alone had no fears, declare to them that the land is “a good land, flowing with milk and honey, and the people were as naught, for the Lord was with *them*,” proposing an immediate march. But the thought added fuel to their fear, and in mad wrath they took up stones to stone them. Then Jehovah interfered. A plague swept away those false spies. Joshua and Caleb alone were permitted to enter the land of promise, and to the latter was apportioned the very city of the giants, against whom he went, driving them from their stronghold, while he himself settled down and grew strong in the fields and the suburbs of the city, giving to the whole region about his own name.

We have seen already, that after his marriage with Abigail David reigned in Hebron seven years. During this period, while his children are growing around him and the children of Saul are waging a lingering war with him, when Abner, the great general of his opponents, had signified his purpose of deserting to David, and Joab had killed him for envy, and there stood but one thing between him and peace, and the throne, Ishbosheth, Saul’s last living son,—during this period it was that two sons of Rimmon entered the house of Ishbosheth at noon, while he lay sleeping, and smote him, and cut off his head. Then, hastening to Hebron by night, they came to David, expecting thanks and great reward for their service, and saying to him, “Behold the head of Ishbosheth, the son of Saul, thine enemy, which sought thy life; and the Lord hath avenged my lord the king this day of Saul and of his seed.”

But they had mistaken the temper of David. Capable of some crimes he was at some times, but too brave a man to take so mean advantage of one who was his foe, though his death removed the last obstacle to his desire; and he answered, “When one told me saying, Behold, Saul is dead,

thinking to have brought me good tidings, I took hold of him and slew him in Ziklag, who thought I would have given him a reward for his tidings; how much more, when wicked men have slain a righteous person in his own house upon his bed." And David commanded them to be slain, and hung their bodies over the pool in Hebron; and the head of Ishbosheth he buried in the tomb of Abner, in Hebron.

It was many years after this, when he was now an old man, that the city which had in early life befriended him became the centre of a most unnatural revolt. For a long time Absalom had shown signs of alienation from his father. He had slain his brother Amnon, the favorite and the heir of David, in cold blood, two years after the crime which he pretended to avenge. He had been banished by his father, but restored at the end of three years by the intercession of Joab, and remained in Jerusalem, though not permitted to see his father. Crafty and vain,—for he was the handsomest man in all Israel,—for two years he employed his great powers of pleasing in seducing the allegiance of his father's subjects, standing in the gate and complaining of the lax administration of justice to those who came for redress, saying, "O that I were made judge in the land, that every man who hath any suit or cause might come to me and I would do him justice." And when any man came to pay him respect, Absalom would embrace him and kiss him. "And on this manner," says the narrative, "did Absalom to all Israel, who came to the king for judgment. So Absalom stole the hearts of the people of Israel."

When he judged that he had made a sufficient impression to warrant the execution of his plan,—four years after his return,—he begged of his father permission to go to Hebron to pay a vow he had vowed during his exile. Unsuspecting, the king bade him depart, with his blessing. He had already appointed the chiefs of his party to meet him there, while others at the sound of the trumpet were to proclaim him king. Hebron was soon filled with numbers of

the most influential men of the land, and immediate measures were taken for seizing the crown.

The news struck terror into the heart of David. It was not that he feared man, but his enemy was his own son, and in his new distress he saw the hand of God laid heavily upon him because of his sin toward Uriah and Bathsheba. From his long residence in Hebron, and his intimacy with all the country about, he knew that it was almost impregnable, and that there could be little hope of standing out against one who had a fortified city but twenty-five miles from him. Beside, most of the councillors, and his own chief adviser, and most of the warriors, had left him. He fled hastily out of the city, refusing to have the ark and its priest follow his fortunes. There is scarcely a sadder picture than this of the royal old man fleeing with a few friends, barefoot, with his head covered and weeping, up the Mount of Olives, over the same ground which his greater descendant passed many years after.

The after atrocities of Absalom's brief rule, which ended in his defeat and death, do not belong to Hebron. It was afterward fortified by Rehoboam, and some of the Jews returning from the captivity settled there. It is spoken of in Maccabees and in Josephus as a place still important. It was by the Jews considered as the birthplace of the vine,—and Eschol, the torrent of the cluster, flowed by it. From it there is toward the northwest a view of Jerusalem between the hills. Before the morning sacrifice could be offered, a priest was daily to ascend the Temple, and with his eyes toward Hebron await the break of day. As soon as the dawn appeared, he cried, "Light, light." "Can you see Hebron?" was the reply of those waiting at the altar. If so, the sacrifice began. Though always a place of special interest to the Jew, we have no knowledge that Jesus ever visited it. To-day it is a fair town of seven or eight thousand inhabitants, keeping still within its borders the cave of Machpelah, in the field of Ephron, the most surely preserved of all places

of note. Traditions of other spots are unsatisfactory. Calvary cannot be recognized, the sacred places at Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and Nazareth are not known ; but here, without doubt, the very cave is still shown which Abraham bought of the children of Heth for the burial of Sarah, his wife.

J. F. W. W.

It is good to be brought into close contact with those who differ somewhat from us in religious faith, that we may learn how hearts may entwine around each other, though heads differ ; and learn also how often those differences lie in phrases and forms of speech, rather than in ideas. It is good for the Unitarian to kneel with the Episcopalian in prayer, to join in the words of that grand old liturgy which for centuries has borne so many souls to heaven, and by its quaint phraseology speaks of ages past. It is well to see the Gothic grandeur of its forms in contrast with the severe simplicity of his own. He can well conceive how dear is the thought that countless worshippers are at that very hour uniting in the same words of devotion, and that among them, peculiarly, friends,

“ Though sundered far, by faith may meet
Around one common mercy-seat.”

One may read, to the quickening of the holiest aspirations, the forms of entire self-consecration to be found in books of the Romish Church, so much abhorred by many ; and may behold in the biographies of some of its votaries the very “ beauty of holiness.” There is something touching also even in the blind devotion of many of its most ignorant disciples. Would that the more enlightened were always as devout !

Is it well to mingle lovingly from day to day with those who are called Orthodox ; to see how what is apparently stern in their faith is softened by the kind and genial heart that holds it ; to have one's warm respect and love called forth by witnessing the holiness of a Christian life in one who professes to hold the faith of Christ under a form differing from our own. It seems a foretaste of that glorious time, when there shall no longer be sect nor party, but when all the sanctified shall be as the angels in heaven, one in Christ and in God.

†

A VERY COMMON STORY.

(Concluded from last Number.)

THE next morning, Mrs. Leslie's basket was ready, with clothing and provisions for the suffering family. She was pleased to see that the poor man looked clean, and well patched; and as if the wife had a notion of making the best of what she had. To the articles immediately necessary for comfort, Mrs. Leslie added some simple medicines, and a few, very few luxuries, — such as an orange, and two or three lemons, with some loaf-sugar. These last articles she had laid in rather shyly, without letting Pet see what her right hand was doing; for she was conscious that sentiment was running away with her, quite beyond the sympathy of any one who did not judge by expression. As to expression, she was more charmed than ever with the patient look in the man's eyes, and his determination now to try harder than ever to procure some steady employment. She would have hired him on the spot, only all the wood-sawing was done, and it was not quite the time to trim the grape-vines, or work in the garden of twelve feet square. Poor fellow! how was he to get through the long cold winter? All the better, surely for her kind and sympathetic voice and encouraging smile, and the direction to come every Monday for what should be ready for him. And it was ready for him. Broken food, baby-clothes, and, after a while, many little comforts that mothers want. It was a cold winter. And Mrs. Leslie took cold, and stayed in her own house a large part of the time. But besides her many calls for charity in other directions, she did not forget poor David, in word or deed. At last he came looking very sorrowful, and said his wife was sick. Then, there was an interval of a week, and his wife was dead. And they had had Dr. Smith, and he had been most kind, charging nothing for all he did. Then he did n't want "a wake," — but the neighbors had been very kind, &c., &c.

The end of it was, that Mrs. Leslie felt it was a case of ready money; — and this she supplied, together with what was immediately necessary in the way of grave-clothes.

She was busily stitching at a plain muslin cap to go with the shroud of white cambric, when her daughters came in from a morning walk, talking earnestly, but half laughing withal.

“I suppose I ought n’t to be provoked,” said Lily, “but when I saw the floor covered with new year’s toys, and recollected that I had deprived myself of the luxury of making Christmas presents to the country cousins, only that I might give the money to this family, and then to find that they just spent it on dogs and horses for the children, — t’ was too bad!”

“Was n’t it!” said Pet, sympathizingly. “And did you hear that little Mary asking to have her ‘dress,’ as she called it, that the ‘Society’ is making, cut with a long point, and particularly anxious that it should trail behind!”

“Yes — I wanted to — well! it’s no matter. Mrs. Safford would say that it is the very thing we should pity them for, that they are so silly. As to the toys, they were only four-penny ones. Both of them only cost ten cents, — Sally told me so; and she said it made the children so happy!”

“Well, I suppose it did, — and we are foolish to have it offend us. Do you remember Hood’s story of the Christmas pudding? and how disgusted the mother was with the missionary who came with tracts and flannel? I am some like him, I think, — forgetting that everybody wants their Christmas pudding!”

“O what a good story that is, mother! do you remember it? and dirty Polly, and the soap? I have laughed till I cried over it!”

Mrs. Leslie laughed, too, at the recollection, and said they must all remember to scatter flowers. And that the thoughtful gift of something not immediately and instantly connected with the necessities of life helped to raise the taste

of the uncultivated, and to make them feel that they were sympathized with. Pet remembered that her mother had carried a monthly rose to an old woman whom the "Society" were helping, though she would n't go and sew for her, nor give her any money.

David came and went, returning laden with comforts for the motherless baby, and with pretty pink prints which Mrs. Leslie loved to run together in a simple shape. He said he had procured a cousin of his to come and see to the child, and that he had got some employment. Altogether, it was encouraging. The cousin kept him neatly mended, and he looked ruddy and well, and not as if he very often got drunk. Biddy said he looked as if he did, but then Biddy was set against him from the first.

"It takes up most of your cousin's time, I suppose, to take care of the children, especially the baby; does it not, David?" said Mrs. Leslie, one day, while she held a bundle in her hand.

"Faith, and it does; mam! the baby do be crying all day and night with the belly-ache, saving yer presence," said David.

"She must feed him with sweetened warm water, David."

"Sure, and we've no swatening at all, barring the sugar the misthress gev us for the tay, and we'd not be throwing that away sure!"

"Yes, you must have some West India molasses. Give him some, Bridget, — a quart. And, David, here are two warm stuff gowns for your cousin, — Ellen Foley, is it?"

"It's that same, mam; and the saints keep you warm for it!" said the grateful David, receiving the suitable and comfortable gift.

Again, as she had done twenty times before, in the course of the long hard winter, Mrs. Leslie drank the nectar of gratitude from tearful eye and quivering lip. She had deserved it for her thoughtful care and her generous labors. If, at the bottom of the cup, there was a distasteful draught,

(for conscience is always following us up,) she turned from it, or left it to be swallowed, like other inevitables, at some future time, by itself.

Other petitioners came and went, other chance beggars were supplied. A comfortable sense of "giving to these little ones a cup of cold water, and so giving it to Christ," soothed Mrs. Leslie when she walked up and down, up and down, in the twilight, by the ruddy sparkle of the fire, before the evening gas was lighted. Was there something in the uncertain flickering of the flames on the furniture, giving the chairs and tables a wavy outline, and anon passing from gloom to brightness, — was there something analogous to Mrs. Leslie's own mental condition, — with a duty kept studiously in shadow, while a sentiment flickered and flamed before it continually?

Perhaps so. And then all wrong thoughts come by and by to be adopted by good women, partly because they cannot bear to be at variance with their consciences. It is easier to change the rule of right. "And, after all, people differed so much about what was right."

In the course of the winter, Mrs. Leslie learned to dislike hearing about the Provident Association, and its excellent arrangements to prevent imposture, and to secure the expenditure of the charitable fund where it would do the utmost possible good. The method might be very well, perhaps, but where was the growth of love and charity, and the flow of gratitude in the heart of the individual? Pet and Lily seemed to enjoy their sewing and making, but by their own account they knew very little of the poor families to whom the clothing was lent, or among whom it was distributed. They chatted of other things at the meeting, and had a good time generally, they said; and Mrs. Leslie told them they must be careful not to "get into the tattling ways of sewing-circles."

"Is there any increased inducement for tattling in cutting and making clothes, do you think, mother?" said Pet.

"I don't see why there should be, to be candid," replied Mrs. Leslie, "but you know what is said."

* * * * *

When the early spring days wooed everybody out into the soft air, Mrs. Leslie walked farther than her usual wont one day, and found herself unexpectedly in the vicinity of the street in which David lived. It occurred to her, that it would be well for her to look after her *protégées* a little, especially as she could flatter herself in finding them, even in that locality, in a comfortable condition. She quite longed to see the baby, who must now be able to be "pullin' hisself about, the cratur," as David had said; and, besides, she wanted to see the good Ellen Foley, whose faithful attention to the kindred was so characteristic of the warm-hearted Irish!

She knocked at the door, which was opened by a stout, honest-faced woman, with a baby in her arms. In the doorway behind her was David himself, who, on seeing Mrs. Leslie, blushed and stammered, and handed a chair. Mrs. Leslie could not help noticing that the room was redolent of rum, and David said he had been bathing his head for a bad blow he had received the night before, hitting his head against a post in the dark.

Ellen Foley looked at him contemptuously, but did not speak. Something about Ellen puzzled Mrs. Leslie. Had she seen her before anywhere? No. She had a very honest, good-humored expression. Everything looked so nice and tidy about the room, it was a pleasure to see it. All the doorless cupboards and crannies were covered by clean white towels pinned against the wall, the floor was white, and evidently the best was made of everything. What was it that continually puzzled Mrs. Leslie when she looked at the woman?

"You find these children quite a charge, don't you?" said she.

"A charge, mam!" said the woman, shrilly, and with a bewildered look.

"Yes, I mean it is a good deal of trouble to you, — there are five in all, are there not?"

"Five! mam?" was the stupid inquiry.

"Did you not say five, David?" said Mrs. Leslie, looking at the man, who sat holding his head in his hands, but without replying.

"Spake up! ye spalpeen! Spake to the lady, will ye?" said the woman, roughly. She shook David by the shoulder.

"O, — no matter!" said Mrs. Leslie, hurriedly, for she felt something was wrong. It looked, really, as if David had been drinking.

She looked again at the woman. What was it?

"Are the children all at school?" said she.

"Childers, mam? Saints knows I 've no childers but this blessed babby, sure!"

She pressed the infant to her breast as she spoke, and gave him abundant food from the fountain, staring, meanwhile, steadily at Mrs. Leslie.

"O, I beg pardon! I did n't know you were a married woman! I thought — oh! — where is the baby, then, — David's baby?" asked Mrs. Leslie.

"This is David's babby, mam! and my babby, mam!" answered the woman.

"David's!" stammered Mrs. Leslie; "why, where is your husband? — are you married to David?"

"I am, mam!" replied the unabashed Ellen.

This was hurrying matters, to be sure. Humph! And "the babby!" Mrs. Leslie colored, and looked down. When she raised her eyes, the woman regarded her with a clear, honest, but unspeakably surprised expression of her gray eyes.

"How long have you been married?" pursued Mrs. Leslie, in her embarrassment; saying what she thought, instead of what she meant to say.

"Four years, mam, coom a moonth!" answered Ellen, looking uneasily at David, "an this is the foorst babby, bless his heart!"

Mrs. Leslie's head swam.

David's head remained down. A mist settled over everything. Then Mrs. Leslie's eyes cleared. She glanced at the woman, — at the cap.

It was all clear then, — clear and cold as frost. The cap was the cap of her own handiwork, made for the dead face. For a moment she almost expected to see the shroud too.

"It's none of *her* doing!" said he, gloomily, "she knows no more uv it than the babby there, — it was all me! But I thought, faith, ye 'd niver be the wiser, or I 'd niver done it sure! An I niver thought ye 'd be comin' to look me oop, sure. An' mam! plase — O Ellen, woman!" — he stopped in an agony of self-reproach, as he met the stare of grief and surprise in the honest face of his wife.

"I wanted to stop meself after I began, — but 't was too asy! Ye should n't tempt a poor fellow so. The Lord knows I niver lied so before, and I 've tuk to the drink an' all to drown thoughts uv it!" David had no heart to go on in his reproachful self-vindication, for he met Mrs. Leslie's eyes, as grieved as his own.

She did not speak at all. She had too much sense not to see that the sin of the man lay at her own door. Nay, that but for indolence, and the self-indulgence that had insidiously mixed and hid itself in benevolence, she might long ago have stopped the wrong-doing, and saved a soul from death. How could she blame the poor wretch? No; it was not for her to blame him. She went thoughtfully home.

That evening, Mrs. Leslie walked up and down, up and down, in the twilight. When the gas was lighted and the family gathered together, she mingled silently with them, a sadder and a wiser woman.

C. A. H.

REST not in an ovation, but a triumph over thy passions. Let anger walk hanging down the head; let malice go manacled, and envy fettered after thee. Behold within thee the long train of thy trophies, not without thee.

CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD.

THE meaning of the appellation *Son of God*, as applied to Jesus Christ, is to be learned from its use in the Holy Scriptures.

1. Our first point is, It denotes some manner of derivation from God. This appears both from the expression itself, and from the testimony which our Lord himself gives of his relation to the Father. A son is begotten of his father. Christ is the *only begotten* of the Father. Christ is *born*, not created, the first-born before every creature.

There are a few theologians who suppose the appellation Son of God, to be given to Christ because his human nature was begotten of the Holy Ghost, and miraculously conceived in the womb of the Virgin Mary, according to the word of the angel: "*Therefore*, that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." This, indeed, is a part of the truth, but not the whole truth. It is Scriptural so far as it goes, but does not take in the whole of Scripture teaching on the subject, does not exhaust the reason why this name is given to our Lord and Saviour. The Church generally have believed the name to refer to the Divine nature of Christ, have believed in the eternal generation of the Son, the eternal Sonship of Christ. Thus, in the Nicene Creed, Christ is declared to be God *of* God, light *of* light, very God *of* very God. The word *of* here denotes *derivation from*.

This, too, accords with the testimony which Christ himself gives us respecting his relation to the Father. He everywhere speaks of the Divine life, wisdom, love, and power, which were in himself, as the gift of the Father. "As the Father hath life in himself, so hath he *given* to the Son to have life in himself." The glory of his pre-existent state he declares to be the gift of God. "The glory which I had with thee before the world was"; "for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." His present and future glory as

Judge or Lord of all, is the gift of the Father. "The Father hath *committed* all judgment unto the Son."

It is this truth of the eternal generation of the Son from the Father that is able to save the Church from the sense of any conflict between the full and proper divinity of Christ and the strictest monotheism, between the fullest and heartiest worship of Christ and the worship of the one only living and true God. In pouring out our hearts to Christ as our Lord and our God, we feel that we are worshipping the brightness of the Father's glory, the express image of his person, that we worship the Father in the Son. If we compare the nature of God to light or to fire, the Son of God is light of this light, fire of this fire. Not only the expression *Son of God*, but also other appellations given to Christ in the Scriptures, imply some manner of derivation from the Father, such as the *Word*, the *Image of the Invisible God*, the *Brightness of the Father's glory*. How the Son is derived from the Father, we cannot tell,—we cannot, in this world at least, conceive. The Sonship of Christ is his relation to the Father, the nature of which is in a measure revealed, but the genesis of which is not for us to know. Let us imitate the moderation of Cyril of Jerusalem, who said: "It is enough for us that God has begotten a Son; let us check ourselves from wishing to know the inconceivable. Christ himself said, 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life,' not, He that knoweth how the Son is begotten of the Father."*

In calling the Sonship of Christ *eternal*, we simply mean that it is a relation with which time, considered as limited duration, has nothing to do. We may, perhaps, illustrate the timeless relation of the Son to the Father by the relation of moral law to the Author of law. God did not create moral law any more than he created his own being, yet moral law is derived from God and resides in God. Moral

* Neander, *Christian Dogmas*, p. 299.

law is eternal as God himself, yet it does not and cannot exist separate from, or independent of, God. It has its source and seat in the bosom of God forever, from eternity to eternity. So God did not create the Son, but the Son is derived from the Father and is in the bosom of the Father. The Son is eternal as the Father, but he can do nothing of himself; his whole being and working is in and of the Father, and whatsoever things the Father doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise.

2. Our second point is, The appellation *Son of God*, as applied to Jesus Christ, denotes equality with God. "We must abstract," says Neander, speaking for Athanasius, "from the expressions *Son of God* and *begotten of God*, whatever belongs to sensuous relations, and then there remains to us the idea of Unity of Essence, and derivation of Nature."* There seems at first view an inconsistency between the derivation of the Son from God and his equality or consubstantiality with God; but the Nicene Council asserted both, and must therefore have understood one expression in a sense accordant with the other. And we would prove one as we do the other. As we have endeavored to show that the idea of derivation is found in the appellation itself, *Son of God*, and in the testimonies which Christ gave of himself, so in like manner do we find the idea of his equality with God.

Our Saviour defended his miracle of healing on the Sabbath day by saying: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Then the Jews sought to kill him, because he said "that God was his Father, making himself equal with God." (John v. 17, 18.) Again and again did they so understand his words. Our Saviour knew that they so understood them. He in whose mouth was no guile let them so understand them. Instead of saying one word to refute or correct their interpretation, he went on to repeat and develop it. He

* Christian Dogmas, p. 296.

declared such a union of the Father and the Son, such a dwelling of the Father in the Son and of the Son in the Father, such a doing by the Son of the works of the Father, as implies not only a oneness of will, but a oneness of essence with God. (John x. 28-39.)

The equality of the Son with the Father appears in the formula of baptism given by Christ to his disciples. "Go, teach all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. And, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.) In these words Christ puts himself in a line with the Father and the Holy Spirit, and thus declares himself to be of one nature with them. The Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are the one God to whose service his disciples are to be dedicated. His language implies a union with God such as can belong to no created being.

There are many other passages which, perhaps, at first view, less clearly teach the Divinity of the Son, but on a little examination prove it none the less surely. Take but one. In Matt. xi. 27, 28, Jesus announces himself as the only medium or channel of grace and truth, life and peace to the soul of man. "All things are delivered unto me of my Father, and no man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Only he who is of one nature with the Father could thus reveal the Father to us, or give abiding rest and peace to the soul.

The text, John xiv. 28, "My Father is greater than I," is often quoted to show the inferiority of the Son. Doubtless there is a sense in which the Father is greater than the Son, but not such as in the least to diminish aught of the reverence, honor, love, and trust which are due to the Son as to the Father. Besides, in the passage referred to, Jesus is not speaking of his intrinsic nature as compared with that of the Father, but of the humiliation in which he then was, and of

the glory into which he was about to enter. He gives the reason why his return to the Father would be for his own exaltation and the joy of his disciples.

3. A third point is, The name *Son of God*, as applied to Jesus Christ, denotes that he is God's vicegerent in the government of the universe. It was as the vicegerents of God that in the Old Testament rulers and kings are called sons of God, or even gods. (Exodus xxii. 28; Psalms lxxxii. 6.) Magistrates bear this title, because in the authority of God they administer their office. Now if earthly kings are called *gods* in the Scriptures, and the Scripture expression has a meaning which cannot be explained away, much more is this title due to him to whom is committed all rule, authority, and power, who is King of kings and Lord of lords. This idea of sovereignty was in the mind of Nathanael when he confessed, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, thou art the *King of Israel*."

The doctrine, then, of Christ as the Son of God, teaches us to acknowledge him as Lord of all,—to bow the knee to him in devoted love, obedience, prayer, and praise. The Father is the original fountain, source of all. The Son is the only Mediator between the Father and all created existence. No man cometh unto the Father but by him. He it is with whom we have to do. He is upon the throne. Earthly empires pass away, but his throne remains for ever and ever. The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son, that all men should honor the Son even as they honor the Father.

E. R.

BE charitable before wealth make thee covetous, and lose not the glory of the mite. If riches increase, let thy mind hold pace with them; and think it not enough to be liberal, but munificent. Though a cup of cold water from some hand may not be without its reward, yet stick not thou for wine and oil for the wounds of the distressed.

OUR GROSS INJUSTICE TO THE GREAT BODY OF
UNITARIAN BELIEVERS.

THE "Christian Register" remembers no instance of "gross injustice to the great body of Unitarian believers so striking as the one recently given in the article 'Emerson' in the January number of this Magazine," and calls attention "to a just and merited criticism" of the article in an "Instruction" delivered to his congregation by one of our most gifted preachers. In the course of this "Instruction," we are virtually charged with discrediting the claims of Unitarianism to be "any progress or improvement at all," and with a sad attempt to depreciate "the religion and the churches of Buckminster, and Channing, and Thacher, and Henry Ware, and Greenwood." The offensive passage in our little book notice was as follows: "The Gospel according to Calvin had gradually lost its hold upon the New England mind and heart. Its place had been poorly supplied, to a considerable extent, by a merely historical Christianity, — a reproduction, with miraculous attestations, of the Religion of Nature, the story of one who was once a Saviour and guide to men, a Religion of the Past, to be gathered up from records more or less satisfactorily attested, a Gospel without a Holy Ghost." We recur to the criticism of the newspaper and of the discourse, partly because we do not wish to stand charged with a conceited and flippant judgment of elders for whom we entertain the sincerest respect, and partly because the obnoxious paragraph hints at a view of Christian evidence which, as it seems to us, deserves to be pondered by every one who loves the Gospel more than any interpretation of it, by Unitarians or others, which may be uppermost for the time.

We shall yield to none in reverence for the younger Ware, and hearty appreciation of his eminently Christian preaching. His sermons in the Chapel of Harvard College are still sounding in our ears, and we regard his early infirmity and prema-

ture death as amongst the greatest misfortunes that have befallen the cause of Liberal Christianity. Dr. Ware was an eminently serious preacher, and believed in the Gospel as a word of salvation for sinners. God forbid that we should ever seem to speak lightly of our master in Israel! The name of Channing needs no adjective. Personally we knew nothing of him; but we had no thought of underrating or understating his success in the ministry of the Gospel. It is, we hope, needless to add, that we hold in honor the other eminent ministers of the Word whose names are cited. And yet it is true that these wise and good and devoted Christian teachers lived in a transition age, when thoughtful minds in the New England Church were reviewing the accepted creed-statements, and trying to bring them more into harmony with the consciousness of the Church Universal, and with their own larger, and, as they believed, truer interpretation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Such a review is always attended with serious difficulties, and it would be unreasonable to look for anything like immediate and great success. The danger would be that criticism would be exaggerated, that tares and wheat would be plucked up together, and that an intellectual curiosity would be mistaken for a genuine spiritual desire. In such circumstances, the gain which is realized by the first generation of inquirers will be counterbalanced by a corresponding loss in the second generation, and we must wait for the third, with its seeming reactions and reproductions of old formulas, before we can fairly make up the account, and ascertain just how much or how little progress has been made. In the first generation the old experiences and feelings will often be found in connection with the new thoughts, whilst denial has only gone far enough to give a certain freshness and vigor to the positive statements that make up the larger part of the preacher's utterance. In the second generation we must look for some wastes and sadness.

Now our critic seems to have forgotten that Mr. Emerson belonged to a later generation than Channing, Thacher,

Buckminster, and Ware, and that the extreme left of Unitarianism dates its life historically from his relinquishment of the pastoral charge of the Second Church in Boston. When we were leaving college and about to enter the Divinity School, the graduating divinity students of that year invited Mr. Emerson to deliver the Farewell Sermon,—an Address, as it proved, without text. Since that time a portion, larger or smaller, of most of the graduating classes, has been found to be more or less in sympathy with his views. Dr. Ware, we remember, took occasion, in the course of his Chapel preaching, to protest against the Address, and his discourse was printed; but the tendency which he deplored was not sensibly checked. Many of our readers are familiar with the Sermon by Professor Norton on the New Infidelity, and with the controversy which grew out of it, and all who have watched the development of religious opinion in New England are well aware that the more conservative portion of the Unitarian clergy rested their defence of the Gospel as a Divine Revelation, properly and peculiarly so called, upon the historical argument. The questions moved and handled were chiefly these and the like: Is the evidence for the genuineness and authenticity of the Four Gospels satisfactory? Are the miracles of the New Testament to be regarded as sufficiently attested? And we believe that we do not go too far when we affirm that the value of the internal evidence was sadly underrated in many quarters by those who seemed to make little or nothing of the capacity of the human soul, we do not say to find out God, but to recognize him when revealed, saving by outward signs. Moreover, the reaction against the extremes of Calvinism had by this time seriously diminished the contents of the Gospel, and obscured the facts and doctrines which distinguish it from all other religions, whilst amongst orthodox and heterodox there had long been a prevailing tendency, aggravated by the extravagances of “revivalists,” to overlook the agency of the Divine Spirit by which the miracles of conversion are continually re-

peated in Christendom, and the conclusive evidence of the truth of the Gospel afforded to the individual soul. Of Buckminster and Channing we have no experience,—they were before our day; but of what was known somewhat vaguely and often incorrectly as “Transcendentalism,” we have experience. Our lines were appointed in the very midst of it. Eating and drinking, sleeping and waking, at home and abroad, at Cambridge and in Boston, and all the way from the one to the other, we had our conversation with it. Our first parish had had it very badly. The Divinity School in our time was characterized by the somewhat famous distribution into “Sceptics, Mystics, and Dyspeptics.” They were sad days,—instructive, doubtless, but fearfully sad,—and the fact that any who passed through them still remained in the ministry may be taken for pretty good evidence that it was meant they should, and that they did not act “out of their own minds.”

Now it is not easy for one who has had no experience of this sort to understand either Mr. Emerson, or those who are charged with reactionary tendencies and “outrageously” severe criticism of the Liberal Church. They who have outlived the negations of the last score of years, and still keep their places amongst the preachers of the Gospel, will testify not merely that they have found the outward evidence for Christianity abundant far beyond the assertions of the “Sceptics,” but, what is far more to the purpose, that the contents of the Gospel are rich to a degree of which at first they had not dreamed, that it is a light which is recognized by its own brightness and beauty, and that to one who has realized his spiritual and moral necessities, and humbled himself as a little child, it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance. We have long been satisfied that the restoration of belief is possible only upon two conditions;—the *one* that we shall have something offered to us to believe,—a religion which contains, not contradictions, indeed, but mysteries; the *other*, that we will bear in mind that truth is to be

learned through inward experience, and in the way of the commandments. Christ offers us the light of *life*. Men will believe in the Christ who wrought wonders eighteen hundred years ago in Palestine only so far as they believe in the Christ within them, yesterday, to-day, forever, in their cities, villages, and homes. The Wares and Channings received their faith before the word Transcendentalism was whispered on this side of the water. How were their successors to gain and keep a like persuasion? Not, we answer, by the method indicated by Mr. Andrews Norton, scholar and Christian though he was. He did not reach his faith in the way which he indicates. He had it, and then cast about for reasons to be urged in support of it. The evidences which he presents are abundant, and not to be spoken against; but they do not fasten upon the mind an unalterable and working conviction, and there is a scepticism which they will not reach. There is another way. Our Divinity School will be a glad and holy place when it is distinctly recognized. Our churches will live and grow as never before when it is clearly perceived. Those who are found in it will be neither Tritheists nor Calvinists, and yet will have an answer for all who would confound them with sceptics and naturalists, and all who preach self-development in opposition to Divine influx, and present Christianity as if it were an ascending of man to God, instead of a coming of God to man by his only-begotten Son. We can indicate this way in no words so good as these by Jonathan Edwards, who knew what he affirmed: "The Gospel was not given only for learned men. There are at least nineteen in twenty, if not ninety-nine in a hundred, of those for whom the Scriptures were written, that are not capable of any certain or effectual conviction of their Divine authority by such arguments as learned men make use of." "We cannot rationally doubt but that things that are divine have a godlike, high, and glorious excellency in them, that does so distinguish them from the things that are of men, that the difference is ineffable, and therefore such

as, if seen, will have a most convincing, satisfying influence upon one, that they are what they are, namely, divine." And we must add this from the Larger Catechism of the Westminster Assembly: "The Scriptures manifest themselves to be the Word of God by their majesty and purity; by the consent of all the parts, and the scope of the whole, which is to give all glory to God; by their light and power to convince and convert sinners, to comfort and build up believers unto salvation. *But the Spirit of God, bearing witness by and with the Scriptures in the heart of man, is alone able fully to persuade it that they are the very Word of God.*" When these sentences have been faithfully pondered, we shall be in a condition to get the *truth* out of Parkerism and Emersonianism, and cast the rest away.

E.

"Fear not; for they that are with us are more than they that are with them." — 2 Kings vi. 16.

THE wicked and the base do compass round
 The pure and humble in their righteous way,
 And with fierce onset, and the trumpet's sound,
 They seek the servants of the Lord to slay;
 They trust in wealth, or in the cruel sword, —
 Vain idols, that cannot defend or save!
 They fear no threatenings of God's holy Word,
 But, trusting in themselves alone, are brave.
 But though no human help the righteous know,
 They fear not in the last, the trying hour:
 God through his gracious love to them doth show
 The unseen hosts and ensigns of his power,
 Which compass them about on every side,
 In whose protection they may safe confide.

J. V.

THE GOOD GROUND.

A SERMON BY REV. WILLIAM SILSBEE.

MARK iv. 8 : — "And other fell on good ground, and did yield fruit that sprang up and increased, and brought forth, some thirty, and some sixty, and some an hundred."

THE Parable of the Sower, in this, its fourth and last division, happily leads us to an encouraging view of the reception of truth among men. There is somewhere a "good ground," where the seed not only takes root, but continues to grow, and at last becomes, to a greater or less extent, productive. There are human souls who delight in the truth, who welcome every divine influence, and profit by it; whose lives are made rich and fruitful by faithful study of God's Word. The Gospel is not a failure, however often men may fail to appreciate it. Here and there, in every age, there have been the "few noble," on whom the labors of prophets, apostles, and martyrs have not been lost. And just as the proportion of cultivated land is continually becoming greater in comparison with the whole extent of the earth's surface, so we may believe that more and more of the soil of *human hearts* is reclaimed from the wilderness and the waste, and brought under the genial and renewing power of religion. In the very fact, then, that our Lord speaks of the good ground, as well as the rocky and the thorny, I find a warrant for believing that every man is by nature accessible to the power of truth and goodness. We are to treat no man, however desperate seems his condition, as beyond all reach of better influences. "The harvest is plenteous." It is possible we may reap an hundred-fold. It is certain that no faithful labor is wholly lost.

We are at once the sowers and the soil. We are to scatter the Divine Truth, and we are to receive it in our own hearts. Let us consider the meaning and application of these two things in reference to the fruitfulness of the Word.

I. We are the soil on which the Divine Sower sows his

seed, either directly or through the agency of human means. Now, just as soils, in the material sense, may be made indefinitely fruitful by cultivation, yet not all to the same extent nor in the same kind, so is it in the spiritual sense. The variety surely is as much a part of God's purpose in the one case as in the other. "If God so clothe the grass of the field," if he gives to every flower its own form and fragrance, its own color and use, "shall he not much more clothe you?" Shall he not give every one of us the opportunity to produce some good fruit, each after our kind? Shall not *we* be clothed with the living verdure of the garden of God? We cannot for a moment doubt that such is his will, who has created all material things with a spiritual meaning and purpose. The illustrations of our subject from this source are peculiarly rich and various, and authorized by the fullest instances from Scripture language. And there are two prominent, but very different, feelings suggested by this correspondence between man's mind and the soil. I mean the feeling of shame and the feeling of hope. What is a neglected field or garden to a neglected soul? If the sight of this outward waste and sterility makes us sad, how should we feel in thinking of the wasted or unused powers of our spiritual being? How much lies dormant which ought to have been awakened into life long ago! How many pernicious and useless growths have been encouraged, which ought to have given place to the pure seed of the Word! For we have no right to say, either that the soul could not be made good, or that there was no good seed sown there. There is no original incapacity in any man to prevent his becoming one of the highest angels.

This must be clear, I think, to any one who does not believe in a predestination to evil, and who does believe that God is Love. Whatever may be the sense in which it can be affirmed that human nature is "depraved," it cannot be in a sense which would exclude the possibility of regeneration and improvement,—yea, an improvement which shall know no

limits in time or in eternity. Forever and forever without end, it must be possible for man to grow in wisdom and goodness, — and I mean by possible, that there is no hinderance but what arises from his own perverse will. If a man will be an angel, he can; — and this, though he has no power whatever in himself, no independent virtue or strength, but only such as he receives from above. For He from whom we receive never withholds a single gift or advantage from any who are in a state to profit by it. All the riches of Infinite Wisdom and Love — think of the amazing bounty! — are open to those who are filled with this divine hunger and thirst. Wonderful is the wealth of life in this outward Nature! — how it streams in at every pore! — with what various beauty it “renews the face of the earth”! — how it fills the remotest corner of space with some kind of animated being, so that even among Arctic snows there is found, actually thriving in the very midst of an icy temperature, a minute specimen of animal life, with its attendant vegetable food. And as we study these annual miracles of the creation, if we do it with any kind of religious interest or faith, we receive the impression of one ever-living Spirit, the life of all things, whose very nature it is to diffuse, and as it were to multiply himself. But had we eyes to see with our spiritual senses as clearly as with our natural, how vastly more full would be the displays of life in the realm of souls! Created as we are in the likeness of Him who is spirit, how much nearer must we be to Him in respect to our spiritual substance than any of the forms of material life! How much more may we be filled with God, how much more may we be “partakers of the Divine nature,” than those beings which are formed from the substance of the earth, and “return to the earth” as they were!

Now think what we were *made for*, and then consider what *we are*; and is not the contrast such as to inspire the most painful sense of shame and sorrow? I know that most men have very little faith in the greatness of their destiny. They

do not believe that they are sons of God, and called to share with him the glorious work of building up a heavenly kingdom in the world; and hence, on the one hand, they are insensible to the compunction which they ought to feel for having failed of their destiny, and on the other hand they are unvisited by those animating hopes which should possess the soul of one who is worthy the name of man. They believe that they were born to be drudges or idlers, masters or slaves, victims of want or favorites of fortune, rulers in the world of intellect or feeble dependants on the light which others may impart to them. In short, they seem to think that they are the creatures of circumstances, and not responsible for being governed by them alone. O sad mistake and blindness! not to know that, through all this diversity of gifts and outward condition, every man that treads the earth is designed to fulfil one and the same end, namely, that he may become an inhabitant of heaven,—a heaven which he shall help to create around him even here. And this very blindness,—this want of faith,—does it not come mainly as the result of a long course of worldly and hopeless *living*?

It cannot, my friends, be too much insisted upon, that faith and life have a reflex action upon each other. What we believe, certainly has some influence upon our actions; but then, also, quite as much our actions affect our belief. Try to believe what you never attempt to live up to, and you will find that you cannot do it. It is nothing more than half-belief, or a “make believe.” Try to believe in God as the One Infinite Intelligence,—the one loving Father, without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground; yet if you live as though we were all creatures of chance or fate, the sport of malice as much as of love, then that abstract faith, that pretended acknowledgment of a Providence, will amount to nothing. But on the other hand, if we admit the simplest truth of religion into good ground,—“an honest and good heart,”—if we say, Here is something which *concerns me*, something which can make my daily life better, something which I must apply to myself rather than to my neighbor,—

then we shall find a practical and operative faith growing up in us, which will be manifested in works of charity and usefulness; and these, again, will confirm and develop the faith; and so on without end. Now observe that I said, we cannot at heart believe what we do not *attempt* to live up to. An honest and good heart will attempt again and again, in spite of renewed failures, — will never be weary of preparing the ground and enriching it, that it may become continually more productive. It is no such deep disgrace to have failed, provided we do not let our failures prevent us from trying again. No man is to be ashamed that he is not already an angel, but every man ought to be ashamed if he is not in the way of becoming one. Begin aright here; let the germs of the Divine life be started and fairly rooted in the mind, and we shall have all eternity to grow up to the measure of the angelic standard. I believe it to be a sound and necessary deduction from the doctrine of providence, that the term of every human life has strict reference to the improvement which will be made of it; the more or less faithful use of its opportunities. He “who seeth the end from the beginning” has doubtless provided that every man shall live in this world just as long as his life can be either of some use to others, or else can serve the purpose of developing his own spiritual growth. When neither of these ends can any more be answered, or when they can be better promoted in another state of existence, then the life here is closed.

II. But we are not only the soil, we are the *sowers* too. There is not a day of our lives, perhaps, that we are not sowing something, for good or for evil. There cannot be a greater mistake, than to suppose that they only are sowers who devote themselves to the direct work of spiritual instruction. We are all of us called to scatter the words of truth and love, to dispense to others of that Divine bounty which we have so freely received. Let us do it, then, with faith, with hope, with gratitude, — without envy, without murmuring at our limited or unpromising field. With faith, — i. e.

especially, faith in human nature. Far from us be any thought of disparaging that which our Lord has taught us contains good ground. We must be willing to believe that every man has some approachable entrance, that there is a way of treating him and presenting the truth to him, so that it shall make some impression; and we should never give up till we find that way. Moreover, we must believe that, even if the soil is not now good, it may be made so by diligent cultivation. The most barren portions of the earth are those most remote from the great centres of population; and as human society throngs there, they will become more and more fertile. Is it not the same with human hearts? If one grows hard and cold in isolation, if no friendly face meets him, if no warmth of human love shines upon him, how can there be any genial preparation for the blessed truths which strengthen and renew the soul? Kindly intercourse between man and man is one of the providential means for promoting intercourse between man and God.

O my friends, we little guess how much we are doing to hasten the triumph of the Gospel, whenever our lives give proof to another of the power of that Gospel over ourselves. Especially when it can be seen to have given us a true fellow-feeling for him, and we have been able to reach some deeper emotion in his heart, where all before had been dry, barren, and closed up. As in the sandy deserts of Africa they have been boring for Artesian wells, and the water has gushed up from vast depths where it had been waiting thousands of years for an outlet, to the unbounded joy of the natives of those barren wastes, — (and soon we may hope that threads of living green, following the track of these waters, will lead men to habitable spots amid the desert,) — so it is with many a heart which none has ever understood or touched, because none has ever *gone deep enough* to bring up the tides of feeling. I must confess to have been shocked more than once for having hastily misjudged another in this very way, — for having made up my mind that he was unfeeling, or proud, or indifferent to all spiritual impressions, — when the simple

fact was, that I had not understood at first how to reach him. The more I see of men, the more I am ready to believe that all are capable of being moved and touched by some message of Divine truth, — provided it be in all cases adapted to the individual peculiarities, and we do not insist upon one narrow standard to judge all alike. And I hold, that where there is one human being, in our daily walks, with whom we have not yet succeeded in establishing friendly relations, he ought to be to us for that very reason an object of peculiar interest; and we should feel that something yet remains to be done, until through our exertions he has been brought nearer to us, and been made to understand and appreciate our kindly feelings towards him. So may we be doing something to win souls to the Lord. With such a faith, growing by experience, shall we not also sow in *hope*? — a hope that shall make the countenance beam with joy, — a hope not passive and sluggish, like too many a feeling which assumes this name, but inspiring to continued and unwearied effort in behalf of those whom we dare hope for. The simple expression of hope, in hopeful language, is a wonder-worker. “I hope you will get well,” is sometimes the best medicine the physician can give. “I hope you will do better in future,” may arouse some dull pupil, when all direct teaching seems to have accomplished little. If God has given us the privilege of doing one single act of mercy or kindness, — of speaking one seasonable and effectual word, — how shall we not hope on through all the future, come what may of discouragement? For it is a mingled work, — partly ours and partly God’s. He “giveth the increase.” We may enrich the soil, we may plant and water, but we cannot make a single seed grow. He does that. And if every summer the farmer shows, consciously or unconsciously, his faith that God will do his part towards making the earth bring forth and bud, can we, in planting for eternity, do less than believe in the Divine promise of our Lord, that his word shall not return to him void, but shall accomplish that which he pleases, and shall prosper in the thing whereto he hath sent it?”

DIALOGUE ON PULPIT ELOQUENCE,

BETWEEN A PASTOR AND A YOUNG CANDIDATE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF THEREMIN.)

Candidate. — Will you be so good as to answer me four important questions, as briefly and thoroughly as possible ?

Pastor. — Briefly and thoroughly four important questions ? Most willingly, if I can. What do they relate to ?

Candidate. — You certainly can, for they relate to the eloquence of the pulpit. I have them here, upon a card. They are as follows : Must I preach to the understanding or to the heart ; in an elevated or simple strain ? Must I sacrifice my personality to an ideal, or the ideal to my personality ? Must I speak extempore, or must I write everything out and commit it to memory ?

Pastor. — The proverb is indeed right, when it says that a young man can ask more questions in a moment, than an older one can answer in several hours.

Candidate. — *A young man ?* I thought the proverb said, *a fool.*

Pastor. — Yes, I believe it is so ; excuse me. Your first question ?

Candidate. — Must I preach to the understanding, or to the heart ?

Pastor. — That you can do just as you wish.

Candidate. — As I wish ?

Pastor. — Yes, for the understanding, you know, has its rights, and the heart has its rights also. I like a sermon that convinces me ; I like one too which touches me. Both kinds of preaching are good, or may at least be so. Now for your next question.

Candidate. — Well, I call this despatch. The answers are short, but — The second question is, Shall I preach in an elevated or simple strain ?

Pastor. — To answer this, we must first know what we mean by simple, and what by elevated or sublime.

Candidate. — Do you know ?

Pastor. — On a little reflection, it seems to me that the sublime always lies in some idea which transcends the boundaries of the understanding ; which therefore cannot be comprehended, but only partially perceived, by the highest faculties of the soul.

Candidate. — Not bad, forsooth, not bad ! Only not expressed quite pithily enough. I should say, for example, — for I have occupied myself a good deal with æsthetics, — the sublime is that which borders upon nonsense without being nonsense.

Pastor. — This definition you have taken —

Candidate. — From the sublimest passages of the poets and orators of all nations, even of the Germans.

Pastor. — It is itself sublime.

Candidate. — You mean to say that it borders on nonsense.

Pastor. — In fact —

Candidate. — But without being nonsense. It is therefore perfectly justified.

Pastor. — And what is it, then, to be simple ?

Candidate. — It is to be as far as possible removed from nonsense, and therefore often utterly insipid. How, then, am I to preach, I ask, simply or sublimely ?

Pastor. — As to that, you may follow your own inclination entirely ; only being careful to avoid both nonsense and insipidity. Your next question !

Candidate. — So soon again ! The third question is, Shall I sacrifice my personality to an ideal, or the ideal to my personality ?

Pastor. — What made you think of this question ?

Candidate. — I have observed that it makes a great difference among orators, whether they belong to a school or are purely natural and original. You find the culture of the

former depending on certain well or ill chosen models ; they adopt certain rules of oratory, as they have them from tradition. You find among the latter a more and more strongly marked personality ; sometimes agreeable, sometimes strange, but always interesting. I do not remember to have found any of these last among the Greeks or the French, but they are frequently to be met among the Germans.

Pastor. — Young man, it cannot be denied that you have very fair intellectual ability.

Candidate. — I suppose no one doubts of that —

Pastor. — Less than yourself. You inquire, then, whether you should conform yourself to some ideal, to some model, or whether you should follow no other rule than your own personality. My answer is —

Candidate. — Be quick ! I am all impatience to hear.

Pastor. — Do just what you cannot help doing.

Candidate. — What I cannot help doing ? What do you mean by that ?

Pastor. — If the ideal is stronger in you, let it have its way. If personality is stronger, then let *that* prevail.

Candidate. — Have you nothing more to tell me ?

Pastor. — Nothing at all. The fourth question ?

Candidate. — Shall I speak extempore, or compose and commit to memory ?

Pastor. — What a glorious thing is a free and unpremeditated utterance ! How fresh and living is everything that comes out !

Candidate. — So, then, I should ? —

Pastor. — And yet it is also most advisable to elaborate everything thoroughly and commit to memory.

Candidate. — Should I not, then ? Pray tell me what I am to do.

Pastor. — As God wills.

Candidate. — But what does God will ?

Pastor. — He will show you, both in your own character and in outward circumstances.

Candidate. — Listen to me, Sir.

Pastor. — I am listening.

Candidate. — I am beside myself.

Pastor. — Then go *within* yourself.

Candidate. — But you have been trying to mystify me.

Pastor. — I was not conscious of it.

Candidate. — Why do you then always answer both yes and no at the same time to my questions?

Pastor. — Because both replies must be given to them.

Candidate. — I might have known that I should not find with you what I was looking for.

Pastor. — What is it then, precisely, that you are looking for?

Candidate. — The information how to become a distinguished orator. I have sought it among the living and the dead; among Greeks, Romans, English, French, and Germans. You will hardly believe it, but I have been through some fifty treatises, large and small, relating to this subject. Have you not written an essay upon it too?

Pastor. — Yes, it is called "Eloquence a Virtue."

Candidate. — What a curious title!

Pastor. — Not more curious than the contents. Are you acquainted with this Essay?

Candidate. — No; it has escaped my notice. All these writings, I say, I have read and studied. I have done more, I have formed my own theory of eloquence. Nay, further, I have written reviews upon this theory.

Pastor. — Reviews! You alarm me! What is it you have reviewed?

Candidate. — Sermons, and in celebrated journals too.

Pastor. — Surely you are joking!

Candidate. — Nay, I am in bitter earnest. I have reviewed your own sermons.

Pastor. — You say it to frighten me.

Candidate. — It is as true as I live! I have reviewed your sermons, and — pretty sharply too!

Pastor. — Pray, have pity upon me !

Candidate. — Aha ! you believe me now. Did you read my criticism ?

Pastor. — I never read the journals.

Candidate. — Never read the journals ! Why, man, how do you expect to keep up with the times ?

Pastor. — Who told you that I wished to keep up with the times ?

Candidate. — Don't be disturbed ; I thought that was a matter of course. But if it offends you, I will take it all back.

Pastor. — I suppose you must yourself have preached often.

Candidate. — Yes, indeed ; that is what I was coming to. But my experience in this way has been very unfortunate.

Pastor. — How so ?

Candidate. — Those whose official duty it was to criticise my sermons thought they discovered many faults in them, which I am sure were not there. That, however, I do not mind so much. What hurts me more is, that I can see too plainly I am the aversion of my hearers. As soon as they discover my face in the pulpit, most of them get up and slink out of church, — thanks to our miserable police system ! — and I often pronounce the Amen before the sexton alone.

Pastor. — Hearken, my friend, and take notice. He who preaches Christ before empty pews with humility and joy, stands upon a high place in God's kingdom ; while he who draws thousands around him, and feels (as is very apt to be the case) some human elation in consequence, is in the sight of God far lower than the other.

Candidate. — Does not that sound a little like mysticism ?

Pastor. — I dare say it does.

Candidate. — It gives me no satisfaction, no comfort. Then I began to doubt whether I had taken exactly the right course.

Pastor. — Well done ! I have hopes of you yet.

Candidate. — So I resolved to apply to you. It is true,

you are only a plain sort of man, not up to the times, as you yourself confess. But you have had an experience of more than twenty years, and I hoped therefore you would be able to give me some good advice. You have not chosen to do so. I doubt not your intentions were good. Farewell!

Pastor.— Pray stop a moment. *You* have been putting questions, and it does not seem to have succeeded. Now let *me* be the questioner, and perhaps we shall have better luck. Will you answer me?

Candidate.— I will see about it.

Pastor.— There are three questions I wish to propose to you. Before Heaven, my dear young friend, and in the sincerity of your heart, what do you take yourself to be?

Candidate.— A young man who, by fortunate position, persevering industry, and exemplary conduct, is justified in cherishing more than usual hopes.

Pastor.— Indeed? But do you not know that you are a sinner?

Candidate.— Tell me who has been speaking such shameful lies of me. I will teach him to know better!

Pastor.— Such shameful lies! Good heavens! Both conscience and Scripture declare this to every man.

Candidate.— Not to me, nor to any one who has been properly brought up.

Pastor.— Ah, yes! if he has been brought up in the school of the Holy Spirit. So then your heart is not broken with sorrow for sin?

Candidate.— No, it is perfectly sound and whole.

Pastor.— I am grieved to hear it; for as long as it remains in this condition, you will not preach with edification. My second question is, Do you read the Bible?

Candidate.— Of course I do. The criticism and exegesis of the Old and New Testaments are my favorite studies.

Pastor.— A grand and excellent study! God bless it to you in this respect also, that it may not hinder you from reading the Bible sometimes like a plain and unlettered Christian.

Candidate. — And how does he read it?

Pastor. — As a pious son reads a letter he has received from his absent and beloved father. At every word he reflects, This is said to *me*, this is meant for *me* to take to heart. The words shine upon him with a lustre like that of pearls and precious stones. Every day more and more of these precious words are taken into his heart, and thus into his memory also. They become by degrees a living part of him, and sustain manifold relations to his interior character. Each one of them, inasmuch as it refers to no single class of objects, but reaches out to circle beyond circle, has an infinite meaning which experience and reflection gradually develop. And thus the mind, which was poor in itself, is filled with the riches of Divine wisdom and truth; and when called to the office of preaching, can impart these riches to the satisfaction of every Christian hearer. Have you so read the Bible?

Candidate. — Not I! and the principles of sound grammatico-historical interpretation would not allow me to do so.

Pastor. — That is the question! But if you do not read the Bible in this way, your sermons will never be edifying. Now for my third and last question: Do you ever pray?

Candidate. — Yes; to myself.

Pastor. — How! You pray to yourself?

Candidate. — To pray is to summon one's intellectual and moral faculties to the exercise of pure thought and virtuous action. When I do this, I apply to myself alone; and there is developed from me a higher power, which I then recognize as a commandment.

Pastor. — Poor young man! So then, to speak to your Heavenly Father, to your Saviour, with all the simplicity and fervor with which a child might speak to its father, or a friend to his friend; to lament before the gracious and almighty Helper all your need, temporal and spiritual, small and great, and then to supplicate him with earnest entreaty for deliverance, — all this is unknown to you? Believe me, as

long as you do not pray, you will not preach with edification. I have done ; and I have communicated to you the best thing I know on the subject of pulpit eloquence.

Candidate. — What, then, is the point of all this ? For thus far, I confess, I have not understood it.

Pastor. — The point is, that pulpit eloquence is nothing else but the outpouring of inner spiritual life, which must be born of the Spirit of God, and daily fed by penitence, prayer, and the reading of the Divine Word. Where this inner life is not present, there the eloquence of the pulpit can be nothing else than jugglery, — nothing but an attempt to make the audience, who are sitting in darkness and shivering with cold, believe that they are warmed and enlightened. Such a deception, though it may succeed for a time, will never last long ; for every one's consciousness will tell him at last whether he sees or does not see, whether he is warm or freezing. On the other hand, as light and warmth streams out from the flame by its natural and necessary operation, so will spiritual life, where it really exists, flow out of itself in one's discourse ; and its real glory is manifested in this, that it communicates itself under the most diverse forms, and that no one of these forms can give or take from it anything essential. If it is applied to the understanding, to confirm one's spiritual insight, still it will not lack warmth ; if it is applied to the heart, to awaken the religious feelings, they will not therefore be deficient in clearness. Let the mind soar on its loftiest flight ; it will not thereby make the Gospel appear more sublime than it is in itself ; and it will remain sublime, though clothed in the simplest and least adorned dress. If one is born with aspirations for ideal excellence, he will find that the highest art, when employed in the service of the Gospel and subordinate to it, will never do violence to its sanctity and worth ; and not less will this same Gospel be able to unfold itself through some rude and uncultivated person, as soon as he has become sanctified by faith. The previous preparation, too, may be long or short, it may im-

press upon the memory what has been written down, or it may be careful of the thoughts alone, and let the words go. It makes no great difference how this may be, but only whether one who would be a preacher of the Divine Word devotes to this holy office all the time he can spare, and all his best energies. He who hath much will turn out no better than he who hath little, provided the latter is just as faithful in his purposes and aims. It is true, that, with equal power and vitality of Christian character, one may collect more, and another fewer hearers around him; one may be more, and another less, renowned. But it would be foolish, should one attempt to form any general conclusion from either case, as to the influence with which each was blessed. Therefore no one is a favored speaker because he discourses before a large audience; he is so only by the faith with which he speaks, though it were only before two or three. For where faith exists, there is also a blessing, and in this assurance every one should rest satisfied.

Candidate. — It does not satisfy me, though. Were I standing on the declivity of life, and had I already attained to the little that was granted me, then I might take comfort in such thoughts. But I am standing on the threshold of a career which opens before me to a boundless extent, and no contemptible humility shall obscure my lofty aim, or keep back my efforts to attain to it.

Pastor. — You speak out boldly what many, and certainly not the worst, young men now feel, each in reference to his peculiar vocation. They are the suggestions of that ambition which is employed from childhood as the spur to all exertions, and which thus becomes so fearfully developed. But I am struck with horror when I reflect *who* was the first to feel so.

Candidate. — What orator do you mean?

Pastor. — Orator? Yes, he may be that too! *When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own.*

Candidate. — So you mean the —

Pastor.—One whom I do not like to name.

Candidate.—There is no such being!

Pastor.—The ambitious least of all should assert this! They should recognize their field-marshal and commander-in-chief,—him whose watchword is, “Fall down and worship me.” The Lord grant that none of those who proclaim his Divine Word may have a secret understanding with his enemy!

Candidate.—You are giving way to a most unrighteous anger. Before we part, let us for once calmly consider the case. I will put myself as much as possible on your standpoint. I am to edify, am I not? How can I edify without pleasing? How can I please without being applauded?

Pastor.—This again I must deny, and I assert that it is altogether unnecessary to please one’s hearers,—nay, that it may sometimes be well to displease and offend them in the bluntest manner.

Candidate.—But surely one preaches for men.

Pastor.—That is just what I deny.

Candidate.—Not for men?

Pastor.—One preaches for God, and the best sermon is that which pleases God best.

JESUS CHRIST, without worldly possessions or scientific eminence, has his own peculiar sanctity. He promulgated no important discoveries; he aimed at no supremacy; but he was humble, patient, holy,—nay, the holiest of the holy; the conqueror of Satan; altogether without sin. To the internal eye of the heart, to the discernment of true wisdom, how illustrious was the pomp of his appearance, and how unspeakable his greatness.—*Pascal.*

PRINCELY as was Archimedes, it would have been useless in him to affect the Prince in his geometrical treatises.—*Ibid.*

RANDOM READINGS.

THE ARTICLE, "CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD."

NOTE BY ONE OF THE EDITORS.

It is well understood that the editors do not hold themselves responsible save for the general Christian spirit and aim of any paper which may appear in this Magazine over any initials but their own. But I feel it due to myself to record my emphatic dissent from the interpretation which our esteemed contributor gives to John v. 17, 18, and x. 28-39. They seem to me to teach, as clearly as words are capable of teaching, the subordination and inferiority of the Son in his Divine nature to the Father. Instead of allowing the idea of equality *inferred by the Jews*, Jesus says: "The Father loveth the Son, and sheweth him all things that himself doeth; and he will show him greater works than these." "The Son can do nothing of himself." "Say ye of him whom the Father hath sanctified and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest; because I said, I am *the Son of God?*" not *God the Son*, be it observed, — that is a human phrase; but if the Son is equal to the Father, *God the Son* is a proper phrase. God images himself from all eternity in the Son of his love, through the Holy Spirit, but there is only one God, and there is one Son of God.

Moreover, it seems to me that those who apply what Jesus says, John xiv. 28, to his state of humiliation, wholly misunderstand the Lord. If this was what he had in mind, he would have said, "I am about to resume my estate of heavenly glory, my equality with God;" but what he does say is this: "I am soon to return to Him upon whom it is so sweet to depend, whose greatness is my joy and glory." For any one, speaking of himself as man, to say, "My Father is greater than I," would be to utter a mere thing of course. Why tell us what we all knew before? Who can deny that God is greater than *man*? Of the Son of God in his *Divine Sonship* such a word is profoundly significant, and must be fatal to any form of *Bitheism*.

E.

CREAM FROM THE BOSTON REVIEW, OR CALVINISM PURE
AND UNCOMPOUNDED.

THE following morsels are taken from the March number of the Review. The Italics and the headings are ours.

MORALITY.

"Members of the Church, real Christians, yea, Christian ministers, may fall into and warmly advocate gross errors, *as they may practise enormous iniquities*, and yet be, like Peter and David, real Christians."

ARMINIANISM.

"It is natural to man to indulge in illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to that siren till she transforms us into Arminians. And Arminianism is the natural state of the apostate race."

WHAT SIN IS.

"Many of the old terms so much employed by the great men of former times, such as imputation and substitution, are greatly qualified, set aside, or ridiculed. And if the professor emphasizes the expression, '*Sin consists in sinning*,' it is not wonderful if the young preachers sometimes go forth apparently with the high ambition of convincing the churches that they have been befooled by the old-fashioned preaching, *and that they are not guilty of Adam's sin!* We have known three of them in speedy succession before the same congregation to make this the burden of their cheery and disenthraling song."

STATE OF THE ORTHODOX CHURCHES.

"Disguise it as we may, it is a fearful sign of the evidence of new and perverting theology that multitudes in the churches are profoundly ignorant of the teachings of the Scriptures concerning the divine way of justifying lost sinners. Though there are no themes so interesting to vigorous and healthy minds, we ask what proportion of the congregations, or even of the churches, can give you any clear definition of what is meant by Regeneration, Justification, Adoption, Sanctification? How many can enumerate the Divine attributes, and not be stricken dumb when told that they believe three persons to be one person, and one God to be three Gods."

WHAT DELIGHTED JONATHAN EDWARDS.

"From my childhood up," he says, "my mind had been full of objections against the doctrine of God's sovereignty, in choosing whom he would to eternal life, and rejecting whom he pleased; *leaving them eternally to perish, and be everlastingly tormented in hell.* It used to appear like a horrible doctrine to me. But I remember the time very well when I seemed to be convinced and fully satisfied as to this sovereignty of God, and his justice in thus eternally disposing of men according to his sovereign pleasure. . . . I have often since had not only a conviction but a delightful conviction. The doctrine has often appeared *exceeding bright, sweet, and pleasant.*"

UNCONDITIONAL ELECTION.

"Though Taylorism as a system may now be said to have been repudiated, yet it has left its poisonous influences in the minds of a multitude of pastors, tinging all their preaching with the un-Edwardian and preposterous opinion that, after all, *God foresees conditions in certain individuals, or at least conditions ab extra to his own mind on account of which he elects them*; and also that a heart alienated by nature, as a leopard's skin is spotted by nature, can be changed, new-created, by merely suatory power."

GOING TO HEAVEN IN THE CARS.

"The very mention of the themes of the Shorter Catechism in the presence of young, excitable America, creates laughter and ridicule. Imagine the Apostle Paul to arise and go into our bookstores, our counting-rooms, our shops, and seriously introduce the doctrines which the early Christians so loved; and how quick the lip of the fast Christian of our day curls with sport or with scorn, while the author of the Epistle to the Romans turns pale, and trembles with amazement to hear, 'Why, you do not really puzzle your head with, or read on these subjects, do you? Why, these old doctrines are dead and buried long ago. Nobody studies the Catechism now. Does your minister preach on such subjects? He must be two hundred years behind the times. There is but here and there an old foggy who cares a fig for that kind of Christian literature. It is extremely unpopular even in Puritan New England. Why, Sir, you are not awake to the times in which we live. Mind is active; ministers must be wide awake, or they'll be left behind. Everything goes by steam now. We do not go to heaven in the lonely, slow, and

toilsome way of former ages. They have a railroad, Sir, and go in cheerful crowds by steam, and have a good social time of it too. That old Slough of Despond has been entirely filled up by the liberality and public spirit of this wonderful age. The wicket-gate was a very narrow and bigoted entrance, Sir, and it has been greatly widened and beautified. Bunyan's old friend Evangelist, who used to give each Christian a roll to carry and to examine with so much care, is now ticket-master, who gives to each passenger a neat card, which he has only to hand to the Conductor, Mr. Smooth-it-away. Instead of having to carry our bundles on our back, according to the ridiculous old fashion, we deposit them safely in the baggage-car, and receive checks as security that they shall be restored to us at the end of the journey. Yea, we have even persuaded Old Apollyon, who used to give such annoyance to pilgrims, to be our Engineer, and a capital one he makes, too. The famous Hill Difficulty, Sir, is tunnelled right through; and when we pass, as we do now and then, one or two of the obstinate, old-fashioned, grim pilgrims, who still persist in going the old way, our wide-awake engineer puffs steam in their faces, to the great amusement of the happy passengers."

RAREY, THE HORSE-TAMER.

AND what have you to do with him? the reader will ask. We answer, Much, every way. After his manner, he is an able and eloquent preacher, and his sermons are more to the purpose than many other discourses which have been preached in our Music Hall from the same stage, minus the straw and the tan, by men who had not learned to rule their own spirits, not to speak of horses. We answer, Much, every way; for have we not seen him twice, and did we not think that we were in the way of our duty, all the while, as humble members of the School Board, and teachers of religious truth? Rarey is a representative man in many respects. He teaches the need at once of control and of gentleness, — the duty of a superior nature to understand an inferior one, to be patient with its infirmities, and to get a legitimate command by learning its law. He has made the horse a study, and the result of a better acquaintance with a sadly abused animal is very gratifying to one who would find good in everything, though, indeed, we are bound to admit that, as the character

of the horse rises, the character of the horse's master and breaker for good sense and good temper sensibly declines. The horse gets his vices from us. Our cruelty and impatience, to say nothing of our stupidity, have, in a multitude of instances, spoiled the good temper of an affectionate, loyal animal, and made him the brute we call him. How our sins find us out! The horse that lays back his ears and snaps at you as you pass along in the street, reminds you of them. Beware of dogs, wrote the Apostle, meaning by dogs *men*, cynical, barking men. Did the dogs spoil the men, or the men the dogs? Mr. Rarey's triumph seemed to us very wonderful, complete, and significant, a most moral spectacle for boys inclined to be cruel and domineering, for teachers and parents who provoke their pupils and children to wrath. *Similia similibus* may do for the body; but it will not answer for the mind and heart. A soft reply to the angry, a persuasive in answer to a threat, the strength that can wait as an offset to the strength of persistency and haste, these are what we need for the training of the mind and heart and will. We commend to the Humane Society the project of a series of free exhibitions by Rarey for the benefit of grooms and horsemen and whips of every grade, yes, of all masters and mistresses of schools, not to add parents, who might learn wisdom sometimes by putting themselves in the places of children that live seemingly only to be snubbed and badgered.

E.

A CHILD'S INTERPRETATION OF SCRIPTURE.

CHILDREN are wonderfully literal in their Scripture readings, but sometimes they hit the mark more truly than a whole cloud of commentators. We find the following incident related in a Western exchange, which illustrates a child's idea of the importance of an early consecration to Christ. The little fellow, the youngest of three children, wanted to be baptized. The father, thinking it a child's notion, discouraged him.

"You are too young, my child. You should not make a profession of religion now. You might fall back from it."

"Why, father, Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in his arms. I am very little, you see, and it will be easier for Jesus to carry me now than when I get to be bigger."

The father was touched by this beautiful logic, and probably saw

too the great spiritual truth wrapped up in the child's literal interpretation, and led him up to be baptized. And the whole family, father, mother, and the three children, were all gathered into the fold of Christ,—an undivided family within the larger family of Christian discipleship. How beautiful this, and what an aid to home education and the whole work of domestic religion, and how different when families divide off, the husband to one church, the wife to another, the children anywhere or nowhere. No wonder the Church, in our distracting sectarianism, loses its power, since it fails to bring the family whole and unbroken to its altar, and gather within it the family sympathies and affections.

S.

A SPECTACLE ON CONCORD RIVER.

CONCORD River is famous, and is becoming more so. Eighty-six years ago occurred on its banks what was really the opening battle of the Revolution. It was fought from opposite sides of the stream at Concord bridge, and the first Tory blood dyed the margin of the river.

Concord River is a sluggish stream, flowing lazily through nearly the whole length of Middlesex County into the Merrimack, flanked on either side by long windings of fertile meadow. Some years ago, and within the memory of living men, it was a delight to the eye to cross the river, or to roam along its banks and look over the meadows which stretched up and down like an immense prairie. Gain a small height on either side, and you might see this Middlesex prairie stretching twenty miles away, the breeze making billows in the tall grass, as they rolled far along the margin of the stream. The valley of the Concord River was among the fairest and most productive regions of good old Massachusetts, and if the lands of Iowa could have been transported in a body, the Middlesex farmers would not have exchanged for them their long reach of grass and cranberry meadows.

In process of time, however, a corporation built a dam down towards the mouth of the river, raising it higher from time to time. The fall of the river through a large part of its course is only *two inches to a mile*, and the effect of the dam is to drown these splendid meadows, and turn the beautiful valley of the Concord into a long, stagnant dead sea. In place of these long reaches of alluvial prairie, you now see a standing lake, or an immense lagoon, devoted to muskrat

architecture, the choral harmony of bull-frogs, and the exhalation of miasma into the homes of the honest Middlesex farmers.

One would think it an easy matter to decide whether a few mill-owners should or should not swamp the whole valley of the Concord, and lay the fairest portion of six towns under water. But this is the simple question which Massachusetts justice has been now more than thirty years in deciding, and, like Walter the Doubter, she is deliberating gravely upon that matter now.

But we have not yet come to the "spectacle on Concord River" which we had set out to describe. Riding the other day along a hill-side that overlooked the Concord valley, where once lay the long row of fertile Middlesex farms, I could see the monster lagoon or stagnant frog-pond winding ten miles away up into the Framingham glades, and down towards the scene of the Concord fight. Pausing to meditate on the beauty of legal justice and the law's delay, the sun went down and lit up the whole west with vast ridges of purple fire. The watery dragon, through his whole length and in all his windings, caught the colors of the sky, and lay for some time in a perfect sapphire blaze. The waters burned away up into creeks and bays and sinuosities, and the monster lay for half an hour changing his hues like a dying dolphin. Never was transformation more sudden and complete, as the deadly lagoon became like the crystal river beneath the throne. So vivid was the blaze, that you fancied it re-reflected from the marginal fields and fringing woods, and the whole Concord valley turned into fairy flame. The imagination got from that moment a more perfect representation of the great river of God, that flows through realms not travelled by the sun:—

"And lo! those glimpses of the crystal river
From out the rainbow throne!
Over its ripples clear the light doth quiver,
As from a jasper-stone.
Now lightly dancing in the ethereal breeze,
Now brightly glancing from rich-fruited trees."

Gradually the colors faded out, and night and the muskrats were left again to their own. Fit illustration of the effort which the kind heavens are always making to bring some sort of beauty out of human folly and injustice, and change the damps and the vapors below into transfigurations from above.

S.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Short Family Prayers for every Morning and Evening of the Week, and for Particular Occasions. By JONATHAN WAINRIGHT, D. D. Boston: E. P. Dutton and Company.—These prayers are short and comprehensive, of course Trinitarian so far as any forms of doctrine appear at all. Those for daily use have prefixed to them appropriate Scripture quotations. Moreover they have an easy flow and a sustained unction, which will commend them to all who prefer a written form in family devotion. s.

Thoughts for Holy Week, for Young Persons. By MISS SEWELL, Author of "Amy Herbert," etc. Boston: E. P. Dutton and Company.—This is a neat little book of 184 pages, with devout meditations, under the following heads: Sunday before Easter, Monday before Easter, Tuesday before Easter, Wednesday before Easter, Thursday before Easter, Good Friday, Easter Eve, Easter Day. The author is well known as a very popular writer of the English Episcopal Church. s.

Marion Graham; or, "Higher than Happiness." By META LANDER, Author of "Light on the Dark River," "The Broken Bud," etc. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, and Company.—This is a religious novel. Marion Graham makes a mistake in her marriage, and in reconciling her to her condition, and making her finally happy in it, the author displays the resources of religious faith. The book has prolix passages, but the reader does not lose his interest in Marion. The pages are sprinkled liberally with poetry, some of it very rich and glowing. s.

The Boston Review for March is the second number of what is designed to be the organ of unadulterated and uncompromising Puritan Orthodoxy. We rejoice to know that it is securely and permanently established, for we think a vast deal will be gained to the cause of truth in having the Five Points of Calvinism presented without disguise, so as to be seen of all men; so that we can have something to refer to, and know what genuine Orthodoxy is. The present number indicates zeal and ability, and contains a trenchant and spicy

criticism upon the Plymouth pulpit. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's theology is examined and utterly condemned. Mr. Beecher has no adequate idea of man's wants as a sinner, or of the great atonement which is provided for them. He caricatures atrociously the Orthodox doctrine of Election which Edwards took delight in. We cannot, for the life of us, see the essential difference between its exhibition by Beecher in the extract, and its exhibition in the extract from Edwards. But the opinion of us "liberals" is not to be thought of in such a controversy. The first article, on the Old and New Theology, is interesting. All that we have read of the number is pungent, and what we have not read looks vastly readable. Though sticking to the old theology, the Review does not always stick to the old English, and we do not believe that horrible word "divisive" was ever turned into a noun before. In our humble judgment, such a noun ought to be hunted down as a heretic. s.

Tom Brown at Oxford: a Sequel to School-Days at Rugby. By the Author of "School-Days at Rugby," &c. Vol. I. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861.—We hope that Vol. II. will come along very soon, for Tom Brown is capital always and everywhere, and the more we have of such manly, thoughtful, Christian fellows, even if they are a little over-muscular, the better. They help us greatly to make things spiritual and moral real and beautiful to our young people. E.

Hebrew Men and Times, from the Patriarchs to the Messiah. By JOSEPH HENRY ALLEN. Boston: Walker, Wise, and Company. London: Chapman and Hall. 1861.—Mr. Allen has done his work very thoroughly, and has succeeded in making a very attractive and suggestive book. We hope that it will have some effect in rescuing the Old Testament from the strange and unwarrantable neglect to which so many have consigned it. There is just enough learning in these well-written and well-compacted chapters to save them from being either shallow or heavy, and the general reader will be held by the easily flowing and clear style. We miss some things in the book which we would gladly have found there, and find some things which we would gladly have missed, and we cannot avoid saying that it will suggest to some of the author's readers transcendent divine lessons which seem to have been only in part disclosed to himself;

nevertheless, as an aid to the student of the Revelation by Moses and the Prophets, it will be found of much value and interest. The easy reader can have no idea of the amount of careful study which such a volume, small and unpretending as it is, supposes. E.

Proceedings in the West Church on Occasion of the Decease of CHARLES LOWELL, D. D., its Senior Pastor. — A most fitting memorial of a deeply interesting occasion. The Address and the Discourse are charming both in matter and manner, both in spirit and in form. E.

Elsie Venner: a Romance of Destiny. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. — Our readers do not need to be told that "Elsie Venner" is finished, and that the loose sheets have been gathered into comely and manageable volumes. Even those who have criticised the story very sharply as it has been meted out to them chapter by chapter in the "Atlantic," will be ready, we think, to admit that it is vigorously and brilliantly wrought. The subject is not a pleasant one. There are monsters and awful mysteries and horrors in our world, terrible facts of congenital depravity; but needful as it is to take them into account, and valuable as they may be to teach us forbearance and charity, they are out of place, as it seems to us, in a work of fiction, which should entertain, or at least should not horrify, whilst it instructs. That we may be partly snakes, is no more impossible and incredible than that we should be partly wolves or sheep, bears or swine, hares or tigers, which certainly would seem sometimes to be the case, and insane persons should not be judged like sane persons; and, indeed, considering how little we really know about the natures and characters of others, a very particular devotion to the work of judging and amending ourselves would seem to be eminently desirable. Nevertheless, we cannot think that all this is good material for a pleasant story. But it will be said stories need not be pleasant, — they may be tragic. Yes, they may be, and yet in a human way, a sharp line being always drawn between man and reptiles. Will the Doctor, who is given to theology, cite Genesis and the Serpent to us? Our answer is ready, namely, that the men of the most ancient Church used a picture language, and spake in figures, and wrote in hieroglyphics.

And yet, whilst we take this exception, we must add very heartily,

that we have found the story of Elsie Venner exceedingly wise and witty, full of admirable portraiture, witnessing in every chapter for the writer's wonderful insight into human nature and Yankee nature, which also is human, at least, we hope, not inhuman. Some of the clergymen have taken offence at the Doctor's free speeches, and have written against him in religious journals, some of which are exceedingly immoral in their tendencies, if uncharitableness is an immorality; — but we think these writers would be far wiser, whilst they decline indorsing some of his statements, to ponder his genial, wholesome lessons, and bear in mind that, if they have a right to be offended with his freedom, his own professional brethren have far more cause to be sensitive. For ourselves, we should emphasize the fact of sin far more strongly than the Autocrat; but we are disposed to listen, and learn what is to be learned, when he talks of frailty, and indignantly exposes cant of every sort. We have never found a characterization more true to life than his description of the liberal preacher, — not that all liberal preachers are of that sort, but some are, if we may write so and live, and not be charged with "outrageous criticism" of the brethren. We are especially grateful to Dr. Holmes for the "Union Church" of which he has given us a picture in the congregation of Rev. Dr. Honeywood, relieved of a little clique of bigots, on the one hand, and reinforced by the addition of Rev. Mr. Fairweather's people on the other hand. We hope that the time is not distant when our good old Congregational body shall be one again, through the power and grace of the Master's spirit, — when we shall be willing to accept mysteries without defining them, and witness for revealed facts without theorizing about them, and take the Holy Scriptures for our Church Articles, and no longer build up about the Communion-table or the pulpit stairs the barriers of a metaphysical theology. We hope that Dr. Honeywood will offer one of these days to exchange with us. Peckham, we hope, is a caricature, though creatures fearfully like the unlearned Principal are not yet wanting. If Darwin is right, they will cease one of these days, — there is some comfort in that. Dr. Holmes is as good a master as Lowell of the New England patois, and uses it to good purpose; and though we began with finding fault with the book as painful, we must admit that it has yielded us abundant entertainment, and what right have we to criticise a man who in these dark days has made so many laugh?

E.